

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

19th Year, No. 2.

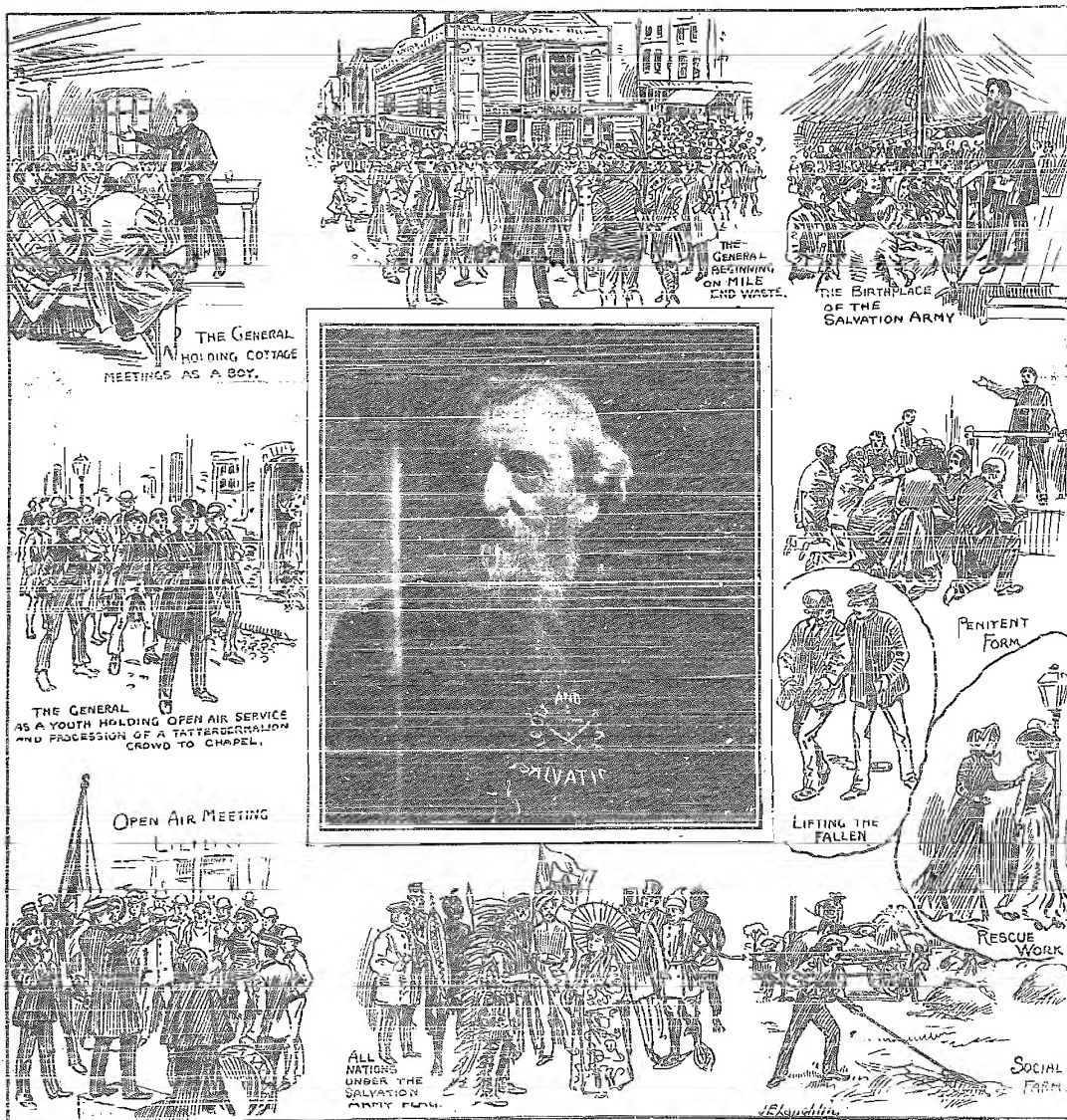
WILLIAM WOOTIL,
General.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1902.

EVANGELINE WOOTIL,
Committee.

Price, 5 Cents.

THE FOUNDER OF OUR WORLD-WIDE ARMY.



Sketches of incidents in the career of our Honored and Beloved Leader, who for fifty years has been preaching the Gospel of Free Salvation through Jesus Christ, and whom God has chosen to be Leader of the most aggressive and effective organization for saving men's bodies and souls.

(See Article Page 4.)

PRETENDERS.

[We reprint the following paragraphs from the Editorial Notes of the London War-Cry, as of special interest to our readers who have read of the pretensions of Mr. Pigott to be the Christ.—Ed.]

The Agapemone.

Mr. Pigott is a disciple of a man named Prince, also a Church of England clergyman, who pretended that he was the personification of the Holy Ghost, and who gathered around him, some years ago, a small band of men and women in a village mansion near Bridgewater, where they lived together in idleness and luxury. This man, after being guilty of blasphemy and hypocrisy of the worst type, cheated some of his women-disciples out of their money, for which, by the way, he offered them a high rate of interest if they would "deposit" it with him, and then he fell into open adultery of the most shameless kind with others. To make bad matters worse, he defended these abominations in his printed writings, which I have myself seen, claiming that he was ordered to indulge in them by a revelation of the Holy Ghost! After thus reducing his "abode of love," as he called his house, to a cesspool of sin, he wickedly announced that he should never die! Like many other lies, that one has now been finally disposed of—for his death certificate can be read in the public records. He has gone to render his account to God, and there we can leave him. But that any sane person can still be persuaded to believe in him or his teachings, is almost incredible. More incredible still is it that any pure-minded woman or any honest-minded man can conceive that Jesus Christ, the holy Son of God, could have anything to do with such infamy.

Another Sign.

But we have another test for the so-called prophets and messiahs, and it is one which Jesus Christ Himself gave us for them. "By their fruits ye shall know them." When we find men making claims to Divine inspiration and authority, living in luxury and ease, and urging on their representatives that they should seek after possessions and riches, and the "good things of this world," while they denounce as hypocrites and apostates all who reject their claims, no amount of "faith"-teaching, or "faith"-cures can blind our eyes to their hopeless departure from the words of the apostle who wrote, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him," and from the mind and spirit of Jesus, that Son of the poor, who had not where to lay his head. When we see men like this late Mr. Prince and his followers living in luxury and laziness amidst all that this world can afford of pleasure, while they consign those who do not believe in them and their messiahship to perdition, we are not to be deceived by nice phrases about the love of Jesus, and elegant churches, and pretty church music. Let us hold fast to the simplicity of the great salvation, and go on with the work of pulling men out of the fire, hating the garment spotted by the flesh.

We do not need the cross without if we have the Christ within.

It is better to see clearly one or two things in life than to have confused and blinded in the dust of an impotent activity. — Hamilton W. Mabie.

THE LIFE OF

COLONEL ARNOLIS WEERASOORIYA.

By Commander Booth Tucker.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY BATTLES.—Continued.

Near morning the entire village once more joined us under the tree. It was a day of triumph. From start to finish there was not a discordant note. Another night was spent under the tree, and then on the following morning we formed a procession and marched joyfully back with songs of praise. It was a blessed illustration of the power of prayer.

Many striking conversions took place during this period. Not a few of these are singing the song of the Lamb around the Throne, while others occupy forefront positions as workers.

One of the most remarkable converts was a Hindu fakir, or religious meditant, known as "Poonja Bhagat." The appellation "Bhagat" is equivalent to "saint," for it was as such that he was regarded by his countrymen. He had performed many painful penances. For instance, he would sit between four lighted fires, with the hot sun shining overhead. He had also been on long and dangerous pilgrimages to sacred shrines, risking his life through jungles infested with tigers. He was held in the highest reverence, and in cases of sickness was called for far and wide. Poonja's theory was that all diseases were due to some devil, hence a person who was sick was possessed of one or more devils. He would pass hands mesmerically over the body of the sick person, and pretend to swallow each individual devil, his theory being that the devil would not hurt him owing to his superior sanctity. Previous to the casting out of each devil he would receive an offering, consisting of money or food, according to the means of the family. Thus he made his living. He was over sixty years old, and blind, when he came across the "Muktifaut." Yet not for a moment did he hesitate. Poonja was blessedly converted, and began at once to pour out his soul to God in prayer for his countrymen.

One day he came to the officer in charge of that part of the country. He had heard that an officers' meeting was to be held. He was not an officer, and being blind and old, with a family dependent upon him, he had realized that it was impossible for him to enter the work as an officer. But he explained to the Major that he wanted to do his duty as a soldier, and he had a conviction that if he would be permitted to attend the officers' council the Holy Ghost would fall upon him as at Pentecost. His request was gladly granted. Sure enough Poonja's prayer was answered. The spiritual enlightenment and power which he received was marvellous to witness. He testified to the reception of the Holy Ghost, and then called forth to his native village. A wonderful revival followed, and a message came a few days later to say that two hundred souls had sought salvation and officers must immediately be sent.

It is hardly necessary to add that Poonja was forthwith himself accepted as an officer. With marvellous power and eloquence he proclaimed the riches of Christ's love to his countrymen. He had one special favor which he had asked of the Lord, that he might "see," or rather meet, the father and founder of the Salvation Army before he died. His prayer was answered. During General Booth's last visit to India Poonja Bhagat was personally introduced to him. His joy knew no bounds. Three days after the General had left Poonja passed peacefully away in his eternal reward.

Another of the converts was an aged native Christian, who had for many years professed to follow Christ, but who, like Weerasooriya, had not experienced the new birth. When asked whether all this time he had been acting the hypocrite, he replied, "No, sir. I have been living like a box of matches—everything there except the fire. The Salvation Army has opened the box and struck a light. That is the difference." "Beware," said his

questioner, "lest you lose this newly-found light and joy." Holding up the stick with which he supported himself, he asked, "Sir, wherein is the strength—in this stick, or in the hand that holds it?" "Certainly in the hand that holds it," was the reply. "Well, sir, I am but a feeble stick, but I am in the hand of an almighty Saviour, who is able not only to save me, but to keep me."

One other incident I may mention. The persecution in one village was so intense that finally we were compelled to withdraw our officers, and it appeared as if the high-caste Hindoos had succeeded in proving what had been a remarkable work of grace. But after a lapse of nine months the Mooker, or Headman, of that very village called upon our officer in charge of the work in Gujarat to say that from the time they had persecuted and driven out the Salvation Army, everything had seemed to go wrong, and he had now come on behalf of the village authorities to invite us to return, promising us a warm welcome. (To be continued.)

TRAINING HOME SONG.

By EMILY BRADLEY.

Tune.—Maggie, the cows are in the clover.

We're happy lads and lasses.

Just from the Training Home,

No longer in sin's highway now

We careless roam.

We've heard the Master calling.

"Wouldst thou my disciple be?"

Deny thyself, take up thy cross,

And follow me.

Chorus.

Gladly, gladly, gladly,

We come at Thy command, Lord,

We follow at Thy word,

Put on faith's shield,

And bravely wield.

The Spirit's sword.

We're soldiers in the Army, 'neath

yellow, red, and blue,

And with the long and blessing, Lord,

we will be true.

At half-past six each morning

From couch we quickly rise,

No time to waste, we dress in haste,

For time soon flies.

Hush! Angel eyes are scanning

Each lad and lass at prayer,

While silent they commit themselves

To God's great care.

At seven, prayer and roll call.

We separate till eight,

When gathered round a wholesome

spread.

We clear each plate.

Thanksgiving then is offered,

To work once more we go,

We must be dressed by 9 a.m.

For study, ho!

And so the passing hours

Record our doings here;

At twelve we are assembled next

For Army prayer.

Again at two you'll see us,

Quickly our way we wend,

To help our Crys and visit, well,

Both far and friend.

Five-thirty tea is served to us.

Devotion till to seven,

When help is gained, and light ob-

tained.

New power is given.

Another bell is ringing.

At this we quick prepare.

We love our God's cathedral great—

The open-air.

We sing and talk of Jesus,

To everyone about,

We tell them of the love of God,

In hail and out.

The light that charms us most, you

know.

Is shinner at the cross,

To bring them to our Saviour dear

We'll suffer loss.

Sometimes made glad, some sorry,

We try to do our best.

Then home again, to supper, plain

We go to rest.

Casualty in God's great Army.

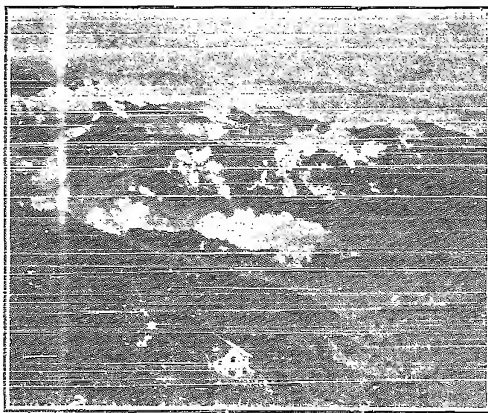
Neatly yellow, red, and blue,

We, with Thy help and blessing, Lord,

Will ever be true.

When a father is too tender his

sons usually balance things.



The Himalayas, from Darjeeling, India.

Nearly eight thousand feet above the plains of India is the town of Darjeeling, whither the Europeans go in summer to escape the terrible heat of the low country. Thither all tourists in India also make their way to obtain one of the most remarkable and beautiful views in the world, namely, the glow of sunrise or of sunset on the Himalayas. Sometimes they have to wait for several days before the celestial vision is revealed to them, for Darjeeling itself is (as the name signifies) "In in the Clouds," while still more exposed to concealment by clouds are the snow-capped peaks themselves, twenty thousand feet higher than this place of observation. Very often one sees the summits of the Himalayas above some lower strata of clouds, and hence so almost doubts if these resplendent figures in the sky, really belong to earth.

In reality, however, the visitor to Darjeeling beholds the loftiest range of mountains on our planet. The lowest of them is more than twenty thousand feet high, and the most elevated has an altitude of 28,766 feet. This peak, called Kanchenjunga, wears a mantle of everlasting snow eleven thousand feet in length! Even this is surpassed in height by Mt. Everest, but the latter is rarely visible at Darjeeling. On the other side of this stupendous barrier of the Himalayas lies Tibet, an almost unexplored and savage country, well nigh inaccessible from the side of India. Fewer and indeed among these Himalayas eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, but it is actually at the risk of life that one attempts to cross them. Nature has in these awful citadels of ice and snow no use for man.

The Founder of Our World-Wide Army.

(To our frontispiece.)

OUR beloved General was born in Nottingham on the 10th of April, 1829. We learn that his mother was of so amiable a disposition and so saintly a character that he regarded her as the nearest approach to human perfection with which he was acquainted.

His father, an able and energetic man of business, attained a position of prominence, but subsequently suffered a reverse of fortune, and died prematurely, leaving his family to struggle with adverse circumstances.

William, the sole surviving son, was apprenticed at an early age to a firm where it soon became manifest that he had inherited a double portion of his father's enterprise and commercial skill.

He knew nothing of conversion until happening to stray into a Wesleyan chapel. His attention was arrested by the novelty and simplicity of the services. For some time he continued to attend. The truths, tersely and powerfully expounded, took an increasing hold of his mind, and on one memorable evening, in a class meeting, after days and nights of anxious seeking, he publicly and unreservedly gave his heart to God, and though but a lad of fifteen, he gave proof in manifold measure of the reality of his conversion.

Started at Fifteen.

As a boy of fifteen we find the General putting all the energies of youth into the service of Christ.

Unable to leave business until eight o'clock, he would hurry away each evening to hold cottage meetings, which usually lasted till ten, and which were often succeeded by calls to visit the sick and dying.

Open-air services were constantly held in connection with these meetings, and processions were led down the Goosegate and other thoroughfares, bringing to the chapel such a crowd of all kinds of sinners as soon gave rise to a request from the minister that the intruders should be conducted to the back entrance and seated in the hinder part of the building, where their presence would be less conspicuous and disagreeable to the more respectable members of the congregation.

Birth-Place of the Salvation Army—Quaker's Burial Ground.

From his boyhood days in Nottingham, William Booth had always loved and sympathized with the poor. Since then, it is true, he had climbed the ministerial ladder, but it had not been in the hope of dragging the people up with him, and when he found that this was impracticable he descended round after round till his feet at length could fairly feel the ground, and the lowest, neediest masses of humanity had been reached. And now he realized that he was in his natural element.

A large tent was erected in a disused burial ground belonging to the Society of Friends, in Baker's Row, Whitechapel. In this tent meetings were held every night, and to conduct them Rev. Wm. Booth was invited for a fortnight.

The General, in looking back upon these early days, writes as follows: "Here was the open door for which I had longed for years, and yet I knew it not, and, moreover, was unwilling to enter it. The main reason for this was that I feared my ability to deal with people of this class; I had made several efforts, but apparently failed, and the thought saddened and oppressed me beyond measure. I would have given words had they been mine, to have been qualified to attract, and interest, and lead to salvation the masses I saw around me, as completely outside the Christian circle as the untamed heathen of foreign lands. But I despaired of accomplishing it. This, I thought, was not my vocation. I had forgotten Nottingham Meadow Platts, and the work of it, when a boy of sixteen, twenty years before."

However, as was my usage, no squeamish difficulties were allowed to interfere with duty. I accepted the environment, and the sour and clay found me at my post.

The Mile End Waste.

"On the Mile End Waste the first

open-air meeting was held, from whence we processioned to the tent. From the first the meetings were fairly good; we had souls at almost every service, and before the fortnight had passed I felt at home, and more than this, I found my heart being strongly and strangely drawn out on behalf of the million people living within a mile of the tent—sixty out of every hundred of whom, they told me, never heard the sound of the preacher's voice from year to year.

"Here in a sphere" was being continually whispered in my inward ear by an inward voice. Why go further afield for audiences? And so the church and chapel congregation somehow or other lost their charm in comparison with the vulgar East-enders, and I was continually haunted with a desire to offer myself to Jesus Christ as an apostle for the heathen of East London. This idea, or heavenly vision, or whatever you may call it, overcame me. I yielded to it, and what has happened since is, I think, not only a justification, but an evidence that my offer was accepted.

Tent Blown Down.

"The difficulties that beset us at the onset were many. To begin with: on the third or fourth Sunday morning we found the tent lying on the ground rent in places. It had been a stormy night, and among other things that the rough wind had finished was our tabernacle; and, what made things worse, it was too rotten to be mended or ever put together again. That Sunday we had to fall back on our cathedral—the open-air.

"After a long search an old dancing room was secured for Sabbath meetings. They danced in it until the small hours of Sunday morning, and our converts had to carry in and fix up, at four a.m., our seats, which, fortunately, had not been blown away when the tent was destroyed. It was a long, narrow place, holding about six hundred people. The proprietor combined the two professions of dancing-master and photographer—the latter being pushed especially on Sunday. In the front room, by which all the congregation had to pass from the open street, sat the mistress coloring photographs. What someone at the doors touted for business. The photographing was done at the top of the house, and customers had to

pass, on their way up, by a sort of parlor that was open to our hall; and it was a regular thing for them to pause and listen to the message of salvation as they walked up to their Sabbath-breaking business. When we saw them on such occasions we generally contrived to give them something a little warm.

Hard Work on Sundays.

"We had wonderful meetings in that room, and in connection with it I put in many a hard Sunday's work, regularly giving three and sometimes four open-air addresses, leading three processions and doing three indoor meetings, the bulk of the labor of all of which fell on me. But the power and the happiness of the work made me alone, and in that room the foundation was really laid for all that has come since."

"Meanwhile, however, we had no place for our week-night meetings except the open-air on the Mile End Waste, and here we carried on till nine and after, then inviting those who were anxious to remain and seek salvation on the spot on which they stood."

The rest of the pictures, showing a few of the phases of Salvation Army warfare, enclosing the photograph of our beloved General, need no explanation.

All Round the World.

To think that this vast organization, stretching out its arms to the ends of the earth, bringing the light of the Gospel into hearts that were once as dark as midnight, besides its Shetters for men who feel keenly the pinch of poverty, homes for the uplifting of fallen women, slum-post, ex-criminals' homes, farm colonies, labor factories, children's homes, etc., is sufficient cause for the tens of thousands of hallelujahs which are raised heavenward by men and women even to the ends of the earth for such a man as General William Booth.

It seems singular that the General should be visiting Canada in the fiftieth year of his ministry. What a blessed and useful life! We learn from a late despatch that three hundred people knelt at the mercy seat in his farewell meetings in Liverpool, and the meetings were said to have eclipsed anything the General has known for the mighty influences which sweep over the fifteen thousand persons who assembled to hear him.

May God bless and preserve the life of our dear General. He will soon be in our midst and our cup of joy will be full.

Pry.

Serious rioting is reported in the coal mine strike districts, and several deaths have resulted.

At Corinth, Miss., a negro who confessed to assaulting and murdering a white woman was burned at the stake.

A hotel at Washington was wrecked by dynamite, exploded by a guest who had quarrelled with the proprietor. The dynamite afterwards killed himself.

Twenty-six persons were killed and fifty injured in a railway accident at Rawlin, Wyo.

International Items.

Emile Zola, the famous French novelist, was asphyxiated.

The tidal wave near Yokohama, Japan, drowned five hundred people.

Fresh storms swept over the villages in Sicily which recently suffered from a cyclone, and many more people were killed.

Premier Phillip, of Queensland, is quoted as saying that the colony is dissatisfied with the results of confederation, and may secede.

General DeWet, who is at The Hague, received a telegram from South Africa announcing the death of his thirteen-year-old son.

It is understood in Berlin that most of the Powers have agreed, in principle, to the German proposal for the holding of a congress for the international regulation of wireless telegraphy.

It is reported that Mr. Kruger has received \$144,000 for his memoirs, which sum he proposes to contribute to the Boer relief fund.

It is reported that the Romanian Government will adopt still more stringent regulations against Jewish citizens of the country.

Three hundred Bulgarian revolutionists, who were surrounded by Turkish troops in the Vilayet of Salonica, succeeded in forcing their cordon after a sanguinary fight, during which both sides suffered severe losses. Reinforcements of troops have been sent in pursuit of the Bulgarians.

The evacuation of Manchuria has been begun by the Russians, who already have begun the railway. It is said that the territory up to the Liao River will be evacuated completely by the 31st of October, as stipulated in the agreement.

Earthquake shocks in Russian Turkistan wiped out many villages and caused terrible loss of life.

The Colombian Government has formally protested against the landing of United States marines on the Isthmus.

As the result of a revolt of peasants in the district of Budadeny, Hungary, the military were called upon to suppress the disorder and fired a volley, killing four persons and wounding others.

The effects of a storm in the southern part of Sicily were fearful. Two mountain torrents ran through Medica, which was suddenly flooded. Eighty bodies have been recovered and placed in the church at Medica. The Government troops assisted in the work of rescue. The volcano of Stromboli was in full eruption last night. Huge boulders fell into the sea for a distance of four kilometers. The director of the Aetna Observatory believes that there was a submarine eruption between the Island of Stromboli and Sicily. The German steamship Caparra foundered at the entrance of the harbor of Catania, Sicily. The latest advices from Sicily estimate that 600 corpses have been recovered. Many persons are still unaccounted for. It is known that 300 perished at Medica. The corpses are lying in the churches and cemeteries, covered with mud, as interment is impossible. The tempest continues, and further disasters are feared.

NOTICE.

West Ontario Province.

Any Blood-and-Fire Holy Ghost soldier, who is willing and anxious to spend a few months during the coming winter in soul-saving work, is requested to write to Major McMillan, Salvation Citadel, London, Ont.

Only workers need apply.



From For

Great Britain.

Three enormous gatherings assembled in the Royal Hippodrome, Liverpool, to hear the General. The hall in which the meetings were conducted is described as the most gorgeous public building in Europe with the exception of the Albert Hall.

The meetings were crowded to the ceiling, with mighty influences, glorious enthusiasm, and 500 at the most—The largest number of surrenders for salvation in one day in the General's history.

The General has, we believe, composed a song to the tune which is made for the recent Staff Council in England. A Cry man, talking with Major Slater on the characteristics of the General's latest, he gave it as a dictum that the tune would not "catch on," but have a long and useful career. We are living in anticipation of hearing the song on the occasion of the General's visit.

Important changes are being effected in the directorate and management of the Reliance Bank. Colonel Stitt of the Investigation Department, appointed to be General Manager a Secretary, which appointment takes effect on the 1st of October. Colonel Stitt is well known among our friends in all parts of the United Kingdom and to some few of our comrades in Canada. His past experience justifies our prophesying a successful career for him in the fulfillment of his responsibilities.

The work of the Investigation Department, with the exception of a section necessarily retained at I.H., will be transferred to the Headquarters of the Men's Social Work, placed under the direction of Colonel Stitt.

Commissioner Howard has been right royally welcomed at a public meeting in Melbourne. By this time he is likely travelling at full speed over the various States of his old command. The Commissioner met Colonel Higginson at Colombo. He may be sure they made the most of the occasion. The command is good ahead.

Colonel and Mrs. Estill, still recent in command of our work in the polar corner of New Zealand, are expected at once in London. The Colonel has, like a number of other sure and steady workers, risen from the ranks before taking Staff rank. He is in charge of the Congress Hall. When he left England to take over operations in South Africa, he was Provincial Officer for the South. Mrs. Estill is known and revered among warriors of the Christian Legion as "Capt. Polly Barber." Mrs. Estill is a very persuasive speaker. One of her sisters is the wife of energetic Editor of the Social Cause Major Bond.

United States.

Since the visit of the General to United States, in February, 1898, many souls have knelt at the mercy seat "neath the Stars and Stripes" while the following figures speak for themselves:

	Feb. 1898.	Sept. 1898.	or
Officers and Employees...	2,483	3,048	
Corps, Outposts, Slum			
Work and Social Institute			
Accommodations in Social	823	921	
Intensive, about		9,000	
Annually expended in re-			
half of post about		\$50,000	\$50,000
Farm Colonies			
Farm Colonies, acreage			2,600
Farm Colonies, population			400
Reform Homes for Fallen			
Girls			
Accommodations in same			
Christmas Dinner, Cloth-			
ing and Toys, Food			
Cured for, about		50,000	350,000

Lieut.-Colonel Margatets has taken up his new position as National Secretary at our New York headquarters, and is sanguine of the future of the Service. He expressed himself as "thoroughly" pleased in his new work.



Our Soldiers' Page.



DAILY READINGS.

"Whatever we ask in prayer believing."—Matt. xxi. 22. There was a great drought in Basuto Land, South Africa. No rain had fallen for months, and there was much distress. The rain-makers of the Basutos had tried their power in vain. But there was a Christian missionary among them who had taught them of the true God. One day a deputation of heathen Basutos came to him and asked him to appoint a day on which prayer might be made to the God of the Christians, and they would all come. The missionary agreed and a day was fixed. When the Christians reached their little church they found it already filled with a congregation of heathen Basutos in their blankets and head ornaments. The great Basuto chief was there. The special lesson read was the syllabus of the Bible on Mount Carmel. The text of the sermon was, "If the Lord be God, follow Him." Before the service was over the rain was falling softly. The Basuto chief said, "Truly your God is the God of heaven and earth."

"Deliver me, I pray Thee."—Gen. xlii. 1. An officer at St. Petersburg died in great want, leaving two little children, a boy of seven and a girl of three. They were motherless and friendless. Left in the house without money, the little fellow did not know how to get food. At last he wrote on a piece of paper, "Please, God, send me a penny to buy my sister a roll." Then he hurried off to the nearest church to slip the paper into an alms-box, believing that his prayer would reach God. A clergyman saw the child on tip-toe trying to push the paper in, and taking it from him, read the message. Returning home with the child he took the little ones to his own house and gave them the food and shelter they so much needed. The following Sunday he preached a sermon on charity, and told the story of the child's prayer. A collection was made for them which amounted to nearly \$1,000.

"Let thy garments be always white."—Eccl. ix. 8. Salvation has two blades, like a pair of scissors. One of our officers, the other party. With nothing but knowledge of sin forgiven, we can make little progress in cutting out the perfect pattern of the robes of righteousness, which should be worn by every saint. The suit fits badly, the cloth is jagged and torn, and the professor cuts so poor a figure that there is but little difference between him and the sinner. But when the second blade is added, the scissors can do their work quickly and well, and the saint is clad with the well-fitting uniform of full salvation.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. v. 14. A poor woman lay dying. One of our officers visited her, and found the room dark and comfortless. "How lonely you must be!" she said to the poor suffering creature. The woman's face lit up as she replied, "No, no; I've got a lass as binds that." Then she heard from the mother's lips the story of how an only daughter, though crippled, ministered to her needs, and who, returning home late from heavy work with scanty pay, spent every possible minute at her side. On leaving the officer met the crippled girl on the stairs, and sympathized with her life of toil and hardship. But the girl looked almost scornful, while every feature lit with love. "For, alas, I never feels it," she replied, "I loves her so."

"By love serve one another."—Gal. v. 13. A French lady, talented and beautiful, with much to make life happy, had a dying husband, whom

night and day she nursed with tenderest watching and unwavering care. "You must find such a life so dull," remarked a friend, "after so much society and worldly pleasure."

"Dull!" cried the sorrowing lady. "I tell you the last star will leave my quickly darkening sky when for the last time I place the poultice on that dear worn chest!"

Yes, it is love that makes the service sweet, and if we love our Lord in reality we shall rather ten thousand times minister to Him on His cross than have all heaven without Him!

"For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—Mark viii. 36. There is nothing which shows the absurdity of sin and the vanity of mere earthly aims so convincingly as death. Philip, King of Macedon, when wrestling, fell

upon the sand. On getting up, he said, "Oh, how small a portion of earth will hold us when dead who are anxiously seeking after the whole world while we live!"

"And God is able to make all grace abound toward you."—2 Cor. ix. 8. Matthew Henry, who wrote the celebrated commentary on the Bible, was dying. By his bedside sat an old friend, to whom he said, "You have been used to take notice of sayings of dying men. This is mine: 'That a life spent in the service of God and communion with Him is the most comfortable and pleasant life that anyone can live in the world. The man of God has no cares, for he casts them all upon God—no fears, for whatever happens he knows that all is well—no doubts, for he knows whom he has believed. Christ is his all for time and for eternity.'"

Evolution of the Salvation Army

OUR WORLD-WIDE ARMY.

Seeing that we have been dealing with Canada for some little time, it may be as well for us to take a rapid review of the Army in other lands, for it is our purpose in this treatise to show, step by step, the mighty advance of our beloved Army as a whole. We will then step across the border to that fair and prosperous country, the United States of America, and look at them for a while through the spectacles of 1886. We have previously dealt with our work under the Stars and Stripes on our onward travel, but for the sake of comparison and instruction we will again see what our cousins were doing while Canada was being swept from end to end by waves of salvation.

If any section of the Salvation Army knows of opposing forces and difficulties, our comrades over the border surely take the palm. For not only have they had to meet the enemy as most of us have to meet him, but through the unfaithfulness of those who should have shown a better example, they have had to wade through seas of disrepresentation, and suffer in ways indescribable.

Out of the chaos formed by unfaithfulness at the start, new work had to be commenced and

Proper Foundations Laid, which, thank God, He enabled our

comrades to do in spite of every opposing force.

Take a small retrospect of the advance, looking at the matter in 1886. Two years previous they were able to gather together thirty corps and about one hundred officers. The following year one hundred and fifty stations were opened; that is to say, some thousands of souls were converted to God, and thousands of lives made happy. In 1888 we were able to report 218 corps, 34 outposts, and 536 officers. In 1892 there is the magnificent showing of 2,894 officers and employees, and 639 corps and outposts, besides their immense Social Work.

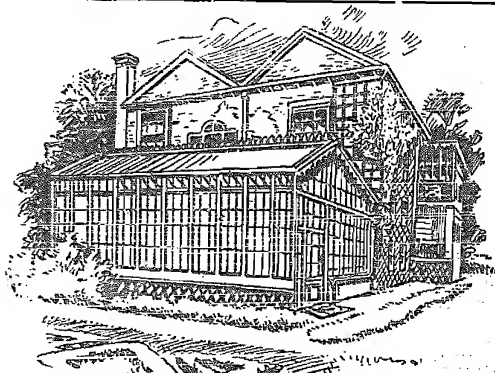
Under the direction of Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker the work has indeed made striking advance. By the time this issue is in the hands of our readers our beloved General will have reached their shores, and a fleet of

Twelve Steamers

will meet him in New York Bay, a welcome which would do honor to a prince. Soldiers and friends will rally in thousands to receive help and blessing, and halls will be thronged with people.

These pages will contain in the next few weeks reports of our leader's doings across the border, and we shall have occasion again and again to give praise to God for the mighty wonders He hath wrought through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army in that land of liberty—the United States.

(To be continued.)



The Army's Home for Inebriates in Essex, England.

Queries and Answers

We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer enquiries about rules and regulations, difficult subjects of doctrine, as far as this is necessary for spiritual growth, about personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the majority of readers. We should be given quite confidentially, we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We would not use your name in print, but all enquiries should give their full name and address, so a matter of good faith.

Are Salvation Army soldiers exposed to make and tell jokes?—C. A.

There exist no cast-iron rules about the subject. Then your question is very vague. There are jokes that are as innocent as the sunlight, and often serve well to bring out a point to the best advantage. The S. A. is the last organization to prescribe long faces and smileless severity. But there are jokes that are foolish, others vulgar, and some positively harmful. It is useless to attempt a definition of permissible and objectionable jokes, and then it is not needed. The man who would regulate his conversations and conduct by outward rules and regulations only, has not yet found the secret of a Christian life. A Salvationist at heart must be guided by the good motives of his heart and the good sense of his judgment in these things.

Will you kindly inform me, through the columns of the War Cry if there is a mark of distinction whereby a corps Secretary can be known from the Treasurer (if man in wearing of the uniforms). Please state what is the difference, and oblige—Fingering Brother.

No, there is no distinction whatever in the uniforms of the Treasurer and Secretary. Both wear two rows of blue braid on the collar, and rings with loops on the sleeves.

(1) Does the Army allow bands to play any music that is not in the Band Journal or Band Book? (2) Are officers or soldiers allowed to play in town bands, or any soldier who holds Local Officer's commission?—Soldier.

(1) No music must be played by any band which has not been issued in the Salvation Army Band Journals, or Band Book, or which has not been published by Headquarters. This applies not only to tunes, but also to the arrangement of parts. No bands are permitted to use arrangements which differ from those published or approved by Headquarters, even though they may be written by officers or bandsmen. (2) It may occasionally be thought desirable for bands to take part in great public, non-political demonstrations on behalf of important measures connected with temperance, purity, or other national questions, or intended to promote important public ends in which a town or city is interested. In such cases the sanction of the Provincial Officer must be secured through the District Officer in writing. See regulations governing bands if further particulars are necessary. We cannot undertake to answer any question which contains a personal reflection.

Does the Army believe in "Hallelujah wind-ups" at the close of meetings?—A Friend.

Yes; it is not contrary to regulation for a meeting to be profitably closed with praise and thanksgiving. We do not think it well for anyone, however, to indulge in frivolity, but a general rejoicing over sinners won to God can well be considered out of order.

CORRECTION.

In the names given in the list of champion S.-D. collectors of the Eastern Province, published in War Cry dated August 23rd, the name Sergt. White should read Ware, of Halifax, the amount collected by him being \$115. Well done, Bro. Ware, you are white anyway.



HERO

God was pleased to self to Mrs. Rogers, a widow of the night to in times of trouble, a times of danger. How that while we are awaking of God, and asleep God can be this manifesting Himself to following:

A Strange

Having been exercised common sense of valuing and daily informing days past, I awoke this overwhelmed and sorrowful, joy, and peace, of following dream. I thought I entered an elegant house, and one to go into that the way, and I showed Mrs. Rogers. I wondered I thought I entered a house hung all round with flowers, and upon a beautiful corpse of a sister and friend; I thought the precious remains great astonishment, she said, "as you are up, I exclaimed, in a full surprise, 'Is it possible?' Lord permitted you to speak to me?" I said, "unutterable sweetness of dear, are possible with permitted it for your said I, 'what would I converse one hour you were taken?' I was no need, my dear with you." I answered, "but, oh, tell me, have you in your place this, approve of me again, and said, 'He things He is well pleased yet strengthen and I end! He loves you in every time of trouble nothing to fear: for you in life, in death, and are dear to God; and you that He permits you and tell you this. I thought, in my much more, but this distinctly recollect, cannot me with transport. My body was bethed soul as in a dream, with heaven, and bliss, so that I could waking my dear husband and could sleep no more, praising God until morning. I consider His countenance herein, the most love, self-abasement, gratitude."

On June 2nd, 17, entry is found in her



HESTER ANN ROGERS.—(Continued.)

God was pleased to manifest Himself to Mrs. Rogers in dreams and visions of the night to strengthen her in times of trouble, and warn her in times of danger. How blessed it is that while we are awake we can be thinking of God, and while we are asleep God can be thinking of us, and manifesting Himself to us. Mark the following:

A Strange Dream.

Having been exercised with an uncommon sense of various shortcomings and daily infirmities for some days past, I awoke this morning, lost, overwhelmed and swallowed up in love, joy, and peace, occasioned by the following dream: I thought I was in an elegant house, and was desired by one to go into that room (pointing the way), and I should see the late Mrs. Rogers. I wondered, but obeyed; I thought I entered the room, which was hung all round with clean white linen; and upon a bed I saw the beautiful corpse of my dear departed sister and friend! I looked, and loved the precious remains; when, to my great astonishment, her eyes opened! She smiled on me, and raised herself up. I exclaimed, in a rapture of joyful surprise, "Is it possible! has the Lord permitted you to revive, so as to speak to me?" She replied, with unutterable sweetness, "All things, my dear, are possible with God. He has permitted it for your comfort." "Oh," said I, "what would I have often given to converse one hour with you, since you were taken?" She said, "There was no need, my dear. God has been with you." I answered, "Yes, He has; but, oh, tell me, have I acted my part aright in your place? Does God, in this, approve of me?" She smiled again, and said, "He does; and in all things He is well pleased, and He will yet strengthen and bless you to the end. He loves you, and will save you in every time of trouble. You have nothing to fear; for you will be happy in life, in death, and for ever. You are dear to God; and it is to comfort you that He permits me to appear to you and tell you this."

I thought, in my dream, she said much more, but this is all that I can distinctly recollect. And it so ever came me with transport that I awoke. My body was bathed in sweat, and my soul as in a dream, filled with God, with heaven, and with unspeakable bliss, so that I could not refrain from waking my dear husband to tell him, and could sleep no more, but continued praising God until morning. The more I consider His condescending goodness herein, the more I am lost in love, self abasement, and speechless gratitude.

On June 22nd, 1882, the following entry is found in her journal:

Cousin Robert Roe desired me to meet a number of friends at his new house. We had a solemn season in prayer, and S. N. was enabled to believe for full salvation, and to rejoice in a clear sense of it. Many others were encouraged, and my cousin was truly happy.

Rev. Mr. E. sent her a letter with an account of the sudden and awful death of one of his hearers. He called upon her and found her looking very sad. When he inquired for the reason, she answered, "Oh, I will think no more of it—it was only a dream, and I will not be so childish as to be alarmed by a dream. But, sir," said she, "I will tell you my dream, and then I will think of it no more." She then repeated as follows: "I dreamed I was at the ball, where I intended to go tonight. Soon after I was in the room I was taken very ill, and they gave me a smelling-bottle, and then I was brought home into this room; I was put into that elbow-chair (pointing to it) and fainted and died! I then thought I was carried to a place where there were angels and holy people in abundance, singing hymns and praises to God; that I found myself very unhappy there, and desired to go from thence. My conductor said if I did, I should never come there again. He then violently whirled me, and I fell down, down—through blackness, and flames, and sulphur; the dread of which awoke me!"

The minister endeavored, by every possible argument, to dissuade the young lady from going to the ball that night, but in vain. She answered, "I will go. I will not be so foolish as to mind a dream!" She did go; and soon after she was taken ill, and, as she dreamed, a smelling-bottle was given to her. She was carried home, into the room, and put into that very elbow-chair represented in the dream;

—She Fainted—and Died!

Mrs. Rogers was generally and well known among all the Methodists of her day. She was such a bright and shining light that her influence was felt far and wide. From the beginning she had struggled with a frail body, and this was overtaxed when she was compelled to do her mother's housework, that she might have the privilege of attending the Methodist meetings. Besides, her life of fasting and long seasons of prayer, and her intensity and fervor of spirit, together with her great zeal and activity in the cause of God, all these seemed to point to an early death. A number of times she went down to the borders of death, and had a desire to depart. We must now record her early death.

She left this world, and all her many friends, amid a rage of pulmonary beauty, though attended with the sad-

dest anguish of her sex. After giving birth to her fifth child, she lay composed for more than an hour, with heaven in her countenance, praising God for His great mercy, and expressing her gratitude to all around. She took her husband's hand, and said, "My dear, the Lord has been very kind to us; oh, He is good, He is good! But I'll tell you more by-and-by." In a few minutes her whole frame was thrown into a state of agitation and agor. After a severe struggle for fifteen minutes, banded with a clammy sweat, she laid her head on his bosom, and said:

"I Am Going."

Substituting his alarm, "In Jesus precious?" he asked.

"Yes; oh, yes," she replied.

He added, "My dearest love, I know Jesus Christ has long been your all in all. Can you now tell me He is so?"

"I can—he is—yes—but I am not able to speak."

He again said, "Oh, my dearest, it is enough!"

She then attempted to lift up her face to his, and kissed him with her quivering lips and latest breath. She died in 1884, aged thirty-nine years, during twenty of which she had continually walked with God in white.

Some time before this she said to Mr. Rogers, "I feel myself very poorly in body, and several symptoms threaten my dissolution, but my soul is kept in perfect peace. It seems as though the Lord was preparing me for Himself, and yet when I think of leaving the dearest of earthly comforts, it is like rending of self from self, of nature from nature, and of flesh from bone! Nevertheless, when I reflect that the separation is only for a moment, compared with eternity, and that death itself cannot disunite our spirits, it greatly helps me to say 'I am not as I wish, but as Thou wilt.'"

THE END.

Wedding and Musical Festival.

A wedding was announced for the 27th, and there was great curiosity as to who the contracting parties should be. On arriving at the hall we found the meeting started, and everything going with a swing, with our worthy D. O. leading. Suddenly a loud "Hallelujah!" and firing of volleys announced the wedding party, and all the curious ones were satisfied. The bride was an old friend, Captain Louisa Thompson, and the groom Bro. S. Barbanks, of Newport. The wedding ceremony was conducted by Staff-Capt. Cass, who gave some excellent advice to all present. After reading the Articles of Marriage the bridal party stepped forward, and Captain Thompson and Brother Barbanks were made one. Both gave their testimony. The comrades and friends wish them every happiness.

On the 9th of September Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering, assisted by Adj. and Mrs. Sims, led a musical demonstration here. There were recitations and singing; the string band played a couple of selections, there was an

autolary selection by Bro. Stevens, and a hango solo by Bro. Lane. The Brigadier also enrolled a number of recruits, after which Mrs. Pickering spoke to us. This was her first visit to Poncon Falls. We enjoyed her talk, and hope to see her here again soon. The Brigadier's talk on "After Twenty Years" was enjoyed by all, and we unite in saying, "Come again!"—Tis.

90,000 Miles in One Night.

Interesting and Enthusiastic Meeting of Brigadier Pugmire at Ottawa.

I dropped into the old Army barracks, on Queen St., some years ago, and listened to an address by a man who had a very peculiar name, as I thought. The subject was, "90,000 Miles by Land and Sea." I very much enjoyed that lecture, and also very much admired the lecturer.

Well, sir, you know, this same Brigadier Pugmire has been conducting revival services in this city for ten days, accompanied by Capt. Urquhart, and announced that same subject again for last night, Monday, Sept. 22nd. Of course, I could not miss such a rare treat, and was well repaid for attending. There was a nice-sized audience present.

The distance was great, and we had to travel at an enormous rate of speed to make connections, but withal the tour was most interesting and pleasant. From the little town of Peurich, near Keewick, on the borders of Scotland, where he was born, the Brigadier related briefly the history of his conversion and the struggles he went through (some of them), in obeying God, and in the determination of following Him to the end.

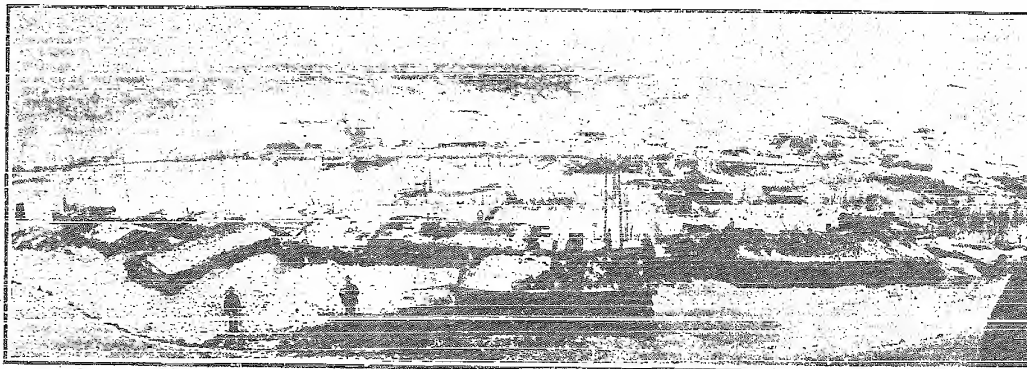
His wide experience in the Old Country, and in the United States and Canada, was intensely interesting.

From statistics submitted last night by him, since he has been traveling as a "Red-Hot Revivalist," he has been wonderfully blessed of God. During his stay in Ottawa he has had the pleasure of seeing fifty-two at the mercy sent, either for salvation or cleansing, and may his success of the past be only a sprinkling of what the future will bring forth.

Brigadier Pickering presented the thanks of the audience to the lecturer, and the meeting closed with that grand old anthem, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—By Town.

THE REAL THING.

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Allen Snarks, "there's a difference between talent and genius. I was at a Salvation Army meeting on a street corner once, where the leader, a bright fellow, made a most excellent speech, and then called for contributions to help the cause along. He got just 37 cents. Then one of the women started up a hymn. She managed to sing it to the tune of 'Dixie,' and I give you my word there was one grey-headed old colonel in the crowd that fought his way forward and dropped a \$5 bill in her tambourine. That was genius."



On the Famous Bonanza Creek, Klondike.



THE EDITOR, The War Cry, 100 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont.
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On the Way.

Before this issue will reach our readers the General will have sailed into New York harbor, where a large fleet of excursion steamers, crowded with officers, soldiers, and friends of the Salvation Army, will have met him, and convinced him the Salvation Army in the United States is a very real and very live concern, and he will be on the way to his first appointment on Canadian soil, at St. John, N.B. The Commissioner aptly voices the sentiments of her officers and troops in her Welcome Letter, printed on the opposite page. Our eyes long to feast themselves upon the goodly sight of the man whom God has so highly honored and whose integrity has defied the hottest trial. Our eyes are impatient to receive his inspired messages and inspiring counsel, and we long for the opportunity to show our appreciation of the General, and our affection to the Father of the Army. We voice a thousand ringing welcomes, and our faith and prayers are determined to have an eclipse of all previous records of the General's visits in blessings and inspirations, to numbers of souls saved and soldiers equipped for better warfare, and in the general advance of the Kingdom of Christ.

NOTES BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY ON THE GENERAL'S VISIT.

Last week I made a mistake. Sometimes I do this, but have always found the best thing to do in a case of this kind is to acknowledge the fault and thus put the matter right. I refer now to the Welcome Banners for the General's visit. I really cannot say exactly how it happened, unless being so taken up with those which sold at 25 cents, I underestimated the cheaper ones, and said they were 10 cents. I beg the cheaper badge's pardon, and now wish to say they are 15 cents each.

I wish you especially to notice the program of the General's meetings in Toronto. It will be a mammoth occasion for Toronto. I strongly advise all soldiers to be in the city not later than Oct. 30th. If you are coming, come early, and take in as much as you possibly can. On Thursday, October 30th, there will be public reception to the General at the Union Station. I cannot describe it properly. The soldiers from all corps outside of Toronto will meet at the Temple, Albert St., at 7 p.m., and the city corps will march to the Temple. Officers from Newfoundland to the Pacific will be present, and this procession will be formed of happy officers and

The General Farewells for America.

"The Most Searching Piece of Argumentative Reasoning and Tender Appeal Ever Heard."

"CANADA MUST BECOME A MIGHTY NATION."

Over Three Hundred Souls Seek Salvation.

(BY CABLE.)

The General's good-bye on Sunday, at the Congress Hall, London, was a memorable occasion; in fact, the best in the annals of the Army. The historic pile was gazed with believing saints and victorious soldiers. Our venerable beloved founder struck a triumphant note on the subject of his coming to America, each sentence of his discourse evoking spontaneous and touching enthusiasm. He said he would like to take from the gathering the assurance of their love, sympathy, and prayers for the people of the countries to which he was bound.

The General said he would like the audience to authorize him to say to their comrades and the people of that mighty country, that great stretch of territory, Canada, which, if the world lasts, must become a mighty nation—that from the bottom of their hearts they desired their welfare, and that they take their stand for God and righteousness, which would also mean their own well-being and happiness.

The General continued: "I would like you to authorize me to give to your comrades and kindred of that great nation across the sea, the United States of America, an expression of goodwill for their welfare. You, I am sure, desire that they stand before the world as the friends of the human family, making the glory of God and the highest well-being of mankind the great end for which they labor. (Applause.) You who are here would, I know like to see these two leading nations, Great Britain and the United States, standing before high heaven hand in hand, heart to heart, shoulder to shoulder, as friends of humanity and promoters of all that is best and noblest for mankind and for its usefulness and eternal happiness. God grant that these two nations may stand side by side and make the supreme aim of their legislation and prayers the glory of God and well-being of mankind!"

The serried ranks of the hardened, ungodly sinners trembled before the sweeping avalanche of truth, the General surpassing himself in directness of speech.

The Chief of the Staff and Commissioner Coombs declared that the General's address on Sunday night was the most searching piece of argumentative reasoning and tender appeal ever heard in that hall. This estimate is justified by the gorgeous result of 189 souls seeking salvation, making a grand total for the day of 330. To God be ascribed all the glory!

uniform soldiers, who will march to the Union Depot. The General will be received as only Salvationists can receive him.

Before the shouts of welcome have died out the hands will play, and a procession will be formed of 1,000 uniformed Salvationists, with electric lights, gas jets glowing (provided there is sufficient coal to make gas), torches all in a row. This procession of salvation, with thousands of sympathizers and onlookers, will march to the City Hall.

When the torchlight procession reaches Queen St., the General will be escorted to the City Hall steps, where the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Toronto, on behalf of the city, will receive the General. The remainder of his visit to your imagination. There will be addresses and replies, and I have not the least doubt this will be the most creditable affair of his kind since the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Toronto last year.

On Friday, Oct. 31st, the General will give his lecture, "Past, Present, and Future of the Salvation Army," in the Massey Hall. Toronto citizens are most anxious to hear the General, therefore I would advise friends from outside towns to be early in their place. Somehow or other I feel badly when hearing of friends coming a hundred miles and more to attend, and Toronto is most generous to visitors, and many of the citizens have feelings very similar to my own.

On Saturday, Nov. 1st, at the Temple, at 7.45 p.m., there will be a soldiers' meeting. This is a glorious opportunity for the soldiers outside of Toronto. I wish I could impress upon these dear soldiers the opportunity within their reach. We have often read of the glorious time the soldiers of Great Britain and the allies on the Continent have had with the General. Now we can hardly convince ourselves it is possible that the General will so soon be in our midst, thus permitting hundreds of our comrades to be present at such huge gatherings, and see with their own eyes such scenes of salvation as they never before witnessed.

On Sunday morning, afternoon, and night, in the Massey Hall; or to use Salvation Army language, all day in the Massey Hall, the General will preach. Did you hear the General upon the occasion of his last visit? If so, then you will want to be there; if you did not, and wish to hear him now, and witness, not a sham fight, but a real battle, then I say be present, but be in time if you want to get in which this day's fighting may well be associated, for the complete victory over the enemy we shall secure, that is "Waterloo!"

At the risk of repetition, allow me to say once again, prepare your hearts to receive the blessings God may wish to impart to you through the General! That is, be in that frame of mind which is implied in the words of the mother of Jesus at the feast of Cana of Galilee, "Whatever He saith unto you, do it."

Womens' Social Work.

TWO REQUESTS.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

1st Request.

The friends of the Women's and Children's Rescue Work in this Toronto, have always supported the work with unfailing and willing generosity. We have always found that our friends are only to be reminded of the needs of our work, to come forward liberally with financial and other gifts.

Unfortunately, for some time we have been unable to remind the citizens of our town and city from the platform of our existence. Therefore we take this medium of presenting the claims of our work. We have a large family to provide for. Our Rescue and Children's Homes at the present time shelter nearly three hundred men, women, and children.

We have in Ontario some Government subsidies. In Manitoba, Newfoundland, and New Brunswick also, the Government recognize our work with a Government grant. We have also several small city subsidies. Our grants, Governmental and Municipal, make a total of less than \$2,500 (two thousand five hundred dollars). Then we earn an average of nearly \$5,000 (five thousand dollars) by the industries carried on in the Homes. This leaves nearly \$12,000 (thirteen thousand dollars) to adequately meet our needs, to be raised through gifts from those who are interested in the Rescue Work. The work is carried on at a minimum cost. This fact is acknowledged by all who have studied our methods and statistics.

We are continually being asked to extend our work. Gladly will we respond if the means to do so are forthcoming. We especially wish to urge upon our friends very liberal co-operation just now. The winter is coming upon us, fast as at an exorbitant price, and provision must be made for the comfort of our Rescue family during the cold months. The funds in the charge of many of our Homes are nearly exhausted. Remember the Saviour's promise, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Kindly address your subscriptions and donations to the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, Albert St., Toronto, or to any of the Homes. We shall be glad to have our friends come and visit and inspect our work. The addresses of the Homes are as follows:

London, Ont.: Major Stewart, one James and Albert St.

London, Ont.: Mrs. McLeod, Riverside Park, London St.

St. John, N.B.: St. John's, 1100 St. John St.

Montreal, Que.: St. John's, 1100 St. John St.

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Territorial Corps Reports.

Wept Under Conviction.

Berlin.—"Rise, He calleth thee." These words are found in Mark x. 49. They were used in our meeting last night, and although spoken in weakness, the Lord backed them home by His Spirit, and three souls sought salvation, while two, who would not yield to the calling of Jesus, wept under conviction. Since last report Cand. McGillivray, who was a faithful worker here, has entered the Training Home. Although we miss him in the corps, we know that he will be the instrument in God's hands of leading precious souls to Jesus. One of our warriors was called away to attend the funeral of his father. Bro. Nabrang was a real out-and-out Salvationist, and although sorry to lose him, we believe in the words which he spoke on his departure, "All things work together for good to those who love God." We are looking forward to greater victories.—Lieut. Murray.

A New Schoolhouse.

Boa Vista.—On Sunday night we had the pleasure of a visit from our much-loved Provincial Officer, Brigadier Smeaton, also Staff-Captain McGillivray. A large crowd attended the meetings and three souls sought pardon. The Brigadier dedicated Heber Gosse, the darling little son of Adj. and Mrs. Brown, to God and the Army. Much interest was aroused. The Adjutant, during the past summer, has built a new schoolhouse, which was badly needed. We have just started our Harvest Festival, and feel that our target is sure.—J. Foote, Captain.

Sought the Blessing.

Dauphin.—We are still fighting for Jesus. Although we have seen no apparent results of our work, we are going on to do our best for God. One has sought the blessing of holiness, and one of our comrades has farwelled for the Training Home.—Wm. Snyder.

Rejoicing in the Camp.

Fernie.—Souls are crying to God for mercy. Our hall was well packed last Sunday night, and much interest is being taken in our meetings. Conviction is stamped on many faces, and we shall have more rejoicing in the camp yet.—Toad.

Deep Interest.

Fort William.—On Tuesday, the 16th, we had with us Mrs. Eusign Hughes, of Rochester, New York. Everybody enjoyed the meeting very much. There was a splendid crowd and deep interest was manifested. Mrs. Hughes was stationed here four years ago. On Sunday night one soul volunteered for Christ. We believe God is going to make him a worker in His vineyard. We are all happy in the fight, and mean to be faithful unto death.—Hock.

Six at the Mercy Seat.

Glouce Bay.—Since last report we have been going on to victory. On Sunday night we had a glorious time. We met with the determination that, by the help of God, we would have a harvest of souls, and at the close of the night meeting God honored our faith by giving us six precious souls. To Him we give all the glory. We do not intend to be behind with our H. F. target.—E. J. Strothard, Lieut.

Five Sought Jesus.

Halifax IV.—We were favored on Sunday night with a visit from the Rescue Home Staff, Adj. Beckstead, who is resting, and Capt. Harvey, from St. John. A very good crowd was in attendance, and at the close of the meeting five precious souls sought Jesus. Our Harvest Festival target is smashed. This was our first H. F. smash, but soldiers and friends united with the officers, and altogether, by prayer and faith, we came out on top. To God be all the glory! "Forward" is our motto.—Capt. Lily Richards, Lieut. Edith Nuxell.

Half-Night of Prayer.

Hamilton, Ber.—God is working here in a wonderful way. The soldiers are full of fire and there is a good deal of conviction among the unsaved. On Friday night we had a half-night of prayer, which was a real Holy Ghost time. We closed at 12.15 with two for salvation and nine for consecration. God is with us, and we are bound to win.—Corps-Cadet.

An Open-Air Concert.

Hamilton.—We are pleased to report victory in our H. F. effort. God is working in our midst. On Saturday night, as usual, great numbers gathered around the open-air ring, and eager hearts and minds drank in the truth as we faithfully delivered the message. On Sunday night a man who, by appearance, had seen the dark side of life, walked into the meeting and testified to the fact that he had been brought to God through the meeting on the street the previous night. Thus we are proving that God is for us, and He is more than all that can be against us.—Mac.

A Storm at Sea.

Little Bay Island.—Since last report we have been favored with a visit from Brigadier Smeaton and Staff-Captain McGillivray, also Capt. Bruce and Lieut. Mercer, with a special lantern service, entitled "Almost Wrecked," which is a touching story of a storm at sea. As the scenes were thrown upon the canvas, many eyes were filled with tears. We invite our leaders to come again.—E. J. Oxford, Corps-Cadet.

Bright Prospects.

Nahaimo.—Harvest Festival is here, and under the able leadership of Capt. Johnston the prospects of reaching our target look exceedingly bright. Yesterday the devil tried to upset the meetings, but at night we had the joy of seeing one soul returning to the Master. Bless the Lord! By His help we are in for victory.—Cadet Brett.

A Troubled Soul Finds Peace.

Napaee.—We are still pushing the battle forward. Bro. and Sister Aylsworth, from Kingston, who were passing through, stopped and gave us a lift by the way. Bro. Aylsworth took the week-end meeting. He is an old-time Salvationist and has had a wide experience in the Social work on the American side. His talk was quite interesting. He also gave his life-history, before and after conversion, which was very touching, and brought the people to tears. God's Spirit spoke peace to one soul, a girl of fifteen years. Capt. Patterson has arrived to help Capt. Pitcher with the Harvest Festival. They are full of faith for their target.—Hallelujah Ben.

Sought Him in Tears.

Oakville.—Praise the Lord, we are still marching on and having victory. Last Sunday three precious souls, with tears streaming down their faces, sought and found pardon. Others were deeply convicted. The average attendance is increasing, and we are believing that better times are in store for us.—Pearlo M. Hinton.

Fifty-Four at the Cross.

Ottawa.—We extended a hearty welcome to Brigadier Pugmire and Capt. Urquhart, the Red-Hot Revivalists.

Their music and singing has been a great attraction. The meetings are largely attended, the hall being packed on Sunday night. We had an old-time love-feast at seven o'clock on Sunday morning. Thirty-five soldiers and Christians were present, and one knelt at the cross. Brigadier Pickering, who was in the city on business, was cordially welcomed. He spoke from God's Word in the afternoon and night meetings. Brigadier Pugmire dedicated Gertrude Catherine, the infant daughter of Eusign and Mrs. Bloss, to God and the Army. Fifty-four souls have knelt at the cross for consecration and salvation during these special meetings.—A. French.

They Love the Army.

Pearceon.—The Salvation Army has not died out here, although we have been without officers for a year. Capt. Owen, of Montreal, conducted the meeting last Sunday evening, which was very much appreciated. Pearceon people love the Army, and long to have officers. Father Sergeant is a blood-and-fire soldier. He still wears his uniform and believes in standing by the flag.—Anel N.

Old Friends Welcomed.

Pelly's Island.—Since you last heard from us we have been favored with a visit from Adj. and Mrs. Sparks. They arrived here on Sunday morning, per E.E. Clyde, from their District Headquarters, just in time for the holiness meeting. Everybody was pleased to see and hear their old friend, Adj. Sparks, who was Captain here at one time. The holiness meeting was a time of encouragement, power, and blessing. The afternoon meeting went with a swing, and the place was crowded to the doors. At night the hall was packed to excess, and many could not find standing room. Everybody felt it was a harvest below. Five backsliders returned to the fold. Since the Adjutant was stationed here he has taken unto himself a wife. We were all pleased to see her.—C. W. Tilley.

Welcome to the New D. O.

Somerset, Ber.—On Sunday night we had a harvest service led by Capt. Prince and Redmond. The hall was nicely decorated by Bro. Lavender with greens and several kinds of vegetables and fruit, which looked very pretty. He deserves great credit. The barracks was almost packed. Several of the comrades sang. Capt. Redmond sang one of her beautiful solos, also Capt. Prince, and at the close one old man gave God his heart. May he be kept true. On Thursday night we welcomed Adj. Orichon and Captain Hebb. The brass band was also with us. We had a glorious time. God came very near, conviction was seen on the faces of the unsaved, and we are believing for a break soon. Come again, Adjutant, and bring Mrs. Orichon.—C. E. Harrison, Sec.

Twenty-Three Seekers.

South-West Arm, New Bay.—Since coming here God has blessed us in a special manner, and we have been led to rejoice over seventeen souls seeking salvation and six sanctification. Our new D. O., Eusign Baker, was with us all last week. His music and singing did not fail to be of interest. We had good crowds on Sunday. At night the Ensign's Bible reading was much enjoyed, and at the close five

precious souls got gloriously saved. The War Cry is all sold, and the soldiers and converts are on fire for God. Our motto is "Victory."—H. S. Cave, Capt.

Sixty Souls in Three Weeks.

Springhill.—We are still in the thickest of the fight. With Eusign Williams in command we are having victory. During the past three weeks we have seen sixty souls crying to God for mercy. We have grand open-air and large crowds attend our inside meetings. The devil has tried hard to stop us from marching the streets, but thanks be to God, we are still marching forward. We are believing for one of the grandest H. F. victories that Springhill has ever known. The soldiers are all alive, and are prepared to stand by their guns.—Sergt. W. K. Grant.

Two Volunteers.

St. George's, Ber.—On the 1st of the month we had Capt. Redmond with us, who sang in the meeting. The Rev. Mr. Brown, of the A. M. E. Church, gave an address the same evening. On the Wednesday following one soul knelt at the penitent form. Our late P. O., Adj. Graham, had her farewell meeting on Sunday, and spoke about the rich young man coming to Jesus and going away, sorrowful. At the close of the meeting two volunteered for salvation, one being from a ship lying close to the barracks. His ship leaves today for Oruba, in the West Indies. Our prayers follow him, and we hope the whole crew will be saved by the end of the voyage. On Wednesday three souls came to God, and after a hard struggle testified that they were saved. We welcomed our new D. O., Adj. Orichon, to St. George's on Thursday, and decorated the hall for the occasion. The Adjutant made himself right at home. It was a coincidence that the new D. O. chose the same subject for his address as the departing D. O., so we have the views of both on such an important subject. Welcome to Bermuda, Adjutant, and may your stay here be blessed to many souls.—Sidney A. Church.

The Target Smashed.

St. Stephen.—The present week has been a busy one, between collecting for H. F. and our regular duties. To our great delight we received a wire saying that Staff-Capt. Howell and Adj. Myers would be with us for the week-end. Two men came to the penitent form during their visit, and the people who attended the meetings on Saturday and Sunday spoke well of both officers. The next time they come they will receive a greater welcome. The people were very kind in contributing to the effort, giving articles of different kinds, which sold readily and brought in cash to help swell the target. Some gave stuff and came along on Monday evening and bought it. On Tuesday we had a final sale and coffee supper, which made up our target of \$75 with very little anxiety. Praise God for raising up friends who help so willingly. The Army in this town has a host of good friends. Mrs. Eusign Thompson, J. S. S.M. Mitchell, and Cand. Hardwick are the champion collectors. The others also raised their personal targets with apparently less trouble than in any effort previously. Now it is over, we are in for selling excursion tickets to St. John. The people are anxious to see and hear the dear old General.—Burning Bush.

Happy Jake Was There.

Toronto I.—Staff-Capt. Cass conducted a very profitable and interesting meeting at this corps on Thursday evening. His remarks concerning the Harvest Festival and his Bible lesson were both practical. The following Sunday the meetings were conducted by Capt. Freeman and "Happy Jake" from Lippincott. An ex-soldier returned to the fold in the morning meeting and another was saved in the afternoon. The meetings were especially interesting and were considered to be very spiritual by all present.—T. J. Meeks, Capt.

Through East On

By STAFF-CAPT. D. L. CRI

Arriving at Peterboro conducted by Adjutant M. I was conducted by Adj. his little daughter, Hazel, home. A tour of inspection the Army premises here of pleasant surprise to the n Fronting the street is th quarters, back of which is large hall; but it is whe send into the basement t gh to open your eyes. g the band-room, where yo of careful attention being practice and preservation and instruments; then th able hall in which ordinary meetings are held; back the J. S. hall. Arranged i departments, with folding provided with a splendid l dreds of volumes being a cording to the most impr od; and beyond this agi janitor's quarters. Everyt

Organization and Pro

and I am constrained nounce it the most deavous for Salvationi have been privileged to fact, I think the Adjutant wife feel themselves happ command, and their peopl tent and prospering und izations. The converts' twenty-six names added two months, and the stat corps generally are most Admission by ticket to holiness meeting broug or more comrades and fr siderable liberty and sp enjoyed, and two or thre more definite experience thews did not quite strik says Peterboro is just rig fesses that he finds some keeping his personal straight, and truly the held with a loose hand. He is coming along splen the pleasure of intervie promising Candidates.

An Amusing Inci

happened here. A soldier haste to inform the Adj strangers were collecting for Harvest Festival. My ment I. The Adjutant w "jiffy," and reinforced by made a bold rush upon th to find that they were late converts who had a local effort a bit early. experienced a slight sh proved two things: the kind of converts are bel that the Adjutant can stri heavy.

A short railway ride b

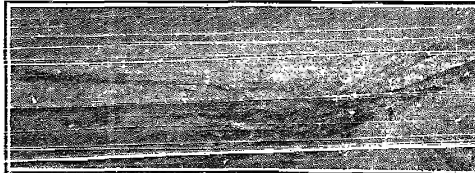
where I found Capt. Lidd Sherwood smiling and h rain interfered somewh operations. Only about ple were to be seen on the still the open-air collecti cents, and inside there freedom. Sergt. Major present, but some of the conspicuous by their ab Thomas has a few dis days. They are not the blessing comes, and as a are full of doubts, and salvation is not what th it would be. The Captai that the comrades and very kind to them.

Capt. Brimson met me

Port Hope He has the ball rolli shape. The soldiers at invested in uniform who the best week-night cr been for a long time. favored us with song Mrs. Brimson is feeling in her old place at the

Cobourg

is a most pleasant to Fudge is delighted to seem deeply interested of the notable officer wife, and well they. Captain has cleaned a barracks, and secured which his better half a most inviting home



View of Dawson, in March, 1901.

Through East Ontario.

By STAFF-CAPT. D. L. CREIGHTON.

Arriving at Peterboro I was conducted by Adjutant Moore and was conducted by Adj. Moore and his little daughter, Hazel, to their home. A tour of inspection through the Army premises here offers some pleasant surprises to the new comer. Fronting the street is the officers' quarters, back of which is the large hall; but it is when you descend into the basement that you begin to open your eyes. First comes the band-room, where you see signs of careful attention being given to practice and preservation of music and instruments; then the comfortable hall in which ordinary week-night meetings are held; back of this is the J. S. hall. Arranged in different departments, with folding doors, and provided with a splendid library, hundreds of volumes being arranged according to the most improved methods; and beyond this again a nice janitor's quarters. Everything speaks of

Organization and Progress.

and I am constrained to pronounce it the most ideal rendezvous for Salvationists that I have been privileged to see; in fact, I think the Adjutant and his good wife feel themselves happy to be in command, and their people are content and prospering under their ministrations. The conversion roll shows twenty-six names added in the last two months, and the statistics of the corps generally are most satisfactory. Admission by ticket to a special holiness meeting brought a hundred or more comrades and friends. Considerable liberty and inspiration was enjoyed, and two or three sought a more definite experience. Lieut. Matthews did quite a brisk trade. He says Peterboro is just right, but confesses that he finds some difficulty in keeping his personal belongings straight, and truly they seem to be held with a loose hand. Nevertheless, he is coming along splendidly. I had the pleasure of interviewing some promising candidates.

An Amusing Incident.

happened here. A soldier came in hot haste to inform the Adjutant that two strangers were collecting on Main St. for Harvest Festival. My, what excitement! The Adjutant was off in a "jiffy," and reinforced by a policeman, made a bold rush upon the offenders, to find that they were some of his late converts who had started the local effort a bit early. All concerned experienced a slight shock, but it proved two things: that the right kind of converts are being made, and that the Adjutant can strike quick and heavy.

A short railway ride brought me to

Millbrook, where I found Capt. Liddell and Cadet Sherwood smiling and happy. The rain interfered somewhat with our operations. Only about a dozen people were to be seen on the streets, still the open-air collection yielded 72 cents, and inside there was much freedom. Sergt.-Major Russell was present, but some of the Locals were conspicuous by their absence. I fear Thomas has a few disciples now-days. They are not there when the holiness comes, and as a consequence are full of doubts, and finally decide salvation is not what they had hoped it would be. The Captain assures me that the comrades and friends were very kind to them.

Capt. Brinson met me at

Port Hope.

He has the hall rolling in proper shape. The soldiers are on fire and invested in uniform wholesale. We had the best week-night crowd there has been for a long time. Cadet Boyd favored us with song and testimony. Mrs. Edmonson is feeling right at home in her old place at the front.

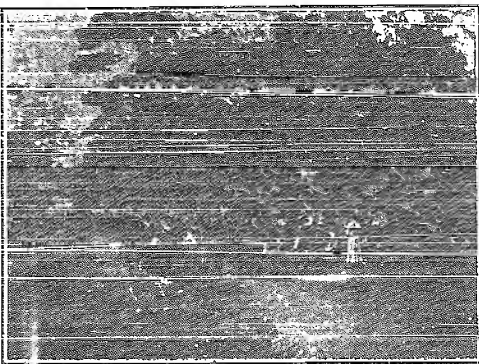
Colobury

is a most pleasant town, and Capt. Fudge is delighted with it. The folks seem deeply interested in the doing of the noblest of all and his good wife, and well they may, for the Captain has cleaned and painted the barracks, and secured a nice quarters which his better half has fixed up in a most inviting, home-like manner. I

must confess the Captain seems to be a much better man for saving a wife. He admits this, and is going in to out-do the devil and win Colobury for the Army and God. We had a splendid meeting and were helped by the Port Hope comrades, who were on hand in good numbers. The open-air was a rouser, and such talks as Captain Fudge gave us ought to speedily awaken great interest in our work.

The Chief Secretary's Visit.

Dundas.—We have been highly honored by a visit from our worthy Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs for Harvest Festival Sunday. We had a real spiritual lift. The Colonel's Bible readings and plain dealing were not without result, and the fruit shall ripen for the Kingdom. Mrs. Jacobs' singing was much enjoyed. The friends have, as usual, given bountifully of their substance to the Harvest Festival, and a the exhibit of fruit and flowers reminded us of the grand promises of our Lord. On Monday the sale of produce was well attended, and J. S. S.-M. Dickson, the saved auctioneer, was quite at home, and soon passed on the articles to the highest bidder. The children's gifts went well. Soldiers, Juniors, friends, and officers all rejoice in a good leap over the target.—Mrs. Edna Hanna.



An Open-Air at Sturgeon Point.

Twenty-Eight Souls.

St. John V.—There have been a few changes in the city. No. V. officers, Capt. L. and Lieut. Leggo, have departed, and we have welcomed Capt. M. and Lieut. Newell. Since their arrival twenty-eight souls have sought salvation, and everything is on the upgrade. In spite of the heat the attendance inside is good, and the open-air held in the Market Square attract large crowds.—Bonnet Strides.

Two Came Home.

Tellingsgate.—God is blessing us. On Sunday night two sisters came home. Capt. Downer, from Black Island, is with us at present. He is helping Ensign and the carpenter build a place on the barracks, which will enlarge the school and make it a great deal better. We believe God will give us greater victories in the future, and that sinners will be brought to Him.

The Old Home Corps.

Vancouver.—Home again! It is true that Salvation soldiers ought to be at home anywhere, and the true soldier is, for he has Jesus with him; but one rejoices to get back to the old home corps, to see the shining, happy faces of the dear officers and comrades, and hear their voices raised in praise to God. The Lord is blessing us. Since writing last, several have repented of their sin and come to Jesus. Hallelujah! J. S. S.-M. Brett has faredwell and gone to the field. We believe God will make him a blessing wherever he goes. What a grand and glorious thing it is to see young men and women consecrating their lives to the service of Christ! May many more follow suit, is our prayer. Adj. Stevens and Captain Charlton are working nobly, and are an inspiration to us all to do likewise.

ON LEADING A MEETING.

By D. A. D. D.

Do not do all the service yourself. Lead it.

If your meeting has not been on your heart, your heart will not be in your meeting.

One word, fully spoken, is better than a studied address.

Do not try to make a speech. The soldiers' or holiness meeting is the place for the communion of saints, not to hear anyone's eloquence. Give there your heart-felt experience.

Have a fixed purpose, but let it be so pliable that it can be altered at any moment, if the spirit of the meeting makes a change desirable.

Watch for the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Never speak, sing, or pray merely to fill in time.

Have as many of the soldiers and Christian friends to pray for the presence of the Holy Ghost while your meeting is in progress as possible.

Be ready with a verse of Scripture to direct the meeting.

Do not exhaust your subject with your opening remarks. Better that a dozen speak poorly than the leader preach until everyone is weary.

Try something new.

G. B. M. NOTES.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By CAPT. J. POOLE.

Belleville.

Sergt. M. A. Tomson, our Local Agent here, has brought in \$5.50 box money. Very good, M. A. Tomson.

Kingston.

A slight increase has been made on the shore. Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Pollett are doing their best. Mr. Balcocks, grocer, had the best collection in his box, the total for the quarter being \$3.38. We solicit the co-operation of every box-holder and friend.

Gananoque.

After a pleasant sail amid the Thousand Islands, Gananoque lights are observed on the shore. Mrs. Laloni, though her occupation demands much of her time, is doing well. Her collection for the quarter was \$4.92.

Lieut. Gates, who never fails to make the best of a special meeting, was profited \$4.00 by my visit.

Brockville.

Brockville G. B. M. is going up, up, up. September, 1901, the amount was \$3.30; September, 1902, \$5.27. Mr. Miller's drug store led with 22 cts., and the Brodie House, Morrislow, came second with 23 cts. Who will lead next quarter?

Kemptville.

Bro. C. S. Carter, one of our Locals, has not yet returned from South Africa, and Bro. Oscar Wallace being away has meant a delay in our returns. Through the kindness of Capt. Woods a portion was collected and remitted by mail. We are pleased to state that by the time this is in print Bro. Carter will have returned home.

Prescott.

Not a little curiosity has been manifested in the past relative to the G. B. M. at Prescott, but amidst it all great improvements are being made. Mrs. Burt, our newly-appointed Agent, has had occasion to move out of town, much to our regret. Adj. Newman, who has a deep interest in the work, is on the look out for a candidate for the agency. We must make mention of some of our kind and generous box-holders here. A friend gives \$3, Mrs. Ferguson, fruit store, came second with \$2.03. The total for September quarter was \$5.32.

Morrishburg.

Amidst scenes of G. B. M. Harvest Festival, salvation, and other special meetings, a week-end was spent here. Myrtle Rice, Local Agent, brought her returns in promptly, with an increase. We urge upon the above-mentioned Locals to make the next quarter, as it will be the last in this year, a great success. I suggest that every Agent read, mark, and inwardly digest every letter and subject bearing on this work.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN WHITE.

Since last report Woodstock has been visited. This is an old battleground of the writer's, and we had a real pleasant time. The last service, "Alone in Liverpool," was well attended, and everyone was satisfied. Mrs. Huffman, the Local Agent, did very well, and promised to do better next quarter. Bro. P. aton also still holds his own. My 1-4 report cards were well supplied by Bro. and Sister McLeod.

Ingersoll was the next place visited. Ensign and Mrs. Hoddinott are in command, and are doing very well. The weather was unfavorable, and very few attended the service. Mrs. Anderson, the Local Agent, did very well indeed. She has been a very faithful worker in the G. B. M. for a number of years, and her interest has not flagged in the least. Mrs. Nae also did very well with her boxes.

I then proceeded to London, and found Miss McKinnon and the Provincial Staff, also Adj. Goodwin and the local corps, fighting the devil in the camp. I spent the week-end with them, and had a good and profitable time.

Through Butte District.

Adj. and Mrs. Ayre in a Railway Wreck—A Jump for Life—A Hallelujah Wedding.

The unexpected has happened in many ways. I did not think, when I wrote a few weeks ago of my ramblings, that I should be so soon on the move again, but we still live in a day when people make up their minds to get married, and this was the most important engagement that called me away from home so soon. This time I took my partner in life with me, although it came at a very unfortunate time, being just before H. P. Sili, the day had been set, tickets were out, and all arrangements in hand, so that no change could be very well made. The whole trip, as far as traveling was concerned, was disappointing. We left our home on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 16th, at 4:15 p.m., the train being about one hour late.

The Capital City.

The Capital City was our first engagement. We arrived just in time for the open-air. There were not many of us to face the enemy, but the people rallied in good numbers around us, and showed their appreciation of our devotion by a great cheering. A very good crowd attended the indoor service. We had a real good meeting, and one man got saved. The offerings amounted to six dollars and ten cents. May God bless the officers here. They have a real hard fight in every way.

The Smoky City.

At 12:30 p.m. next day we left for the Smoky City. Butte. Capt. Hurst was at the depot to greet us. The Captain is not very well, but sticks to the light. She has had her hands full since coming to Butte, having changed nails, also quarters. We had a good time here, outside and in.

The Garden City.

The next day we were supposed to leave at 1:15 p.m. for the Garden City, Missouri, where we were to unite two old comrades of Klondike fame, Capt. Kenney and Wilcox. On our arrival at the Butte depot we found that our train was late; just think of it—and on our way to conduct a wedding! One, two, three hours passed by, and still no train appeared. Things commenced to look serious, but we finally got away from Butte at 5 p.m., just the time we should have arrived at Missouri.

The Bridal Party.

arrived at Missoula. The bridal party was just as much in suspense. I sent a wire: "Hold meeting, arriving at 9 p.m." We got there about that time. The groom was anxiously waiting for us, and we were hurried to the hall, which was locked. After a few preliminaries the bridal party arrived, and was given a rousing welcome. The D. O. soon got to work to get this important ceremony through. The "I wills" were pronounced with no uncertain sound, and very speedily Capt. Wilcox became Mrs. Kenney. "God bless the union!" was the motto on the arch that had been erected, and we reciprocated the same. The bridal party each had something to say, and an invitation was given for all to unite with Christ. After the meeting, which was quite late, there was a wedding supper at the quarters for soldiers and friends, which went off well. We were to leave for home at 3:30 p.m. next day, but word was given out that there would be no train until night, owing to a wreck in the west, so we were here for another meeting.

Jumped for Their Lives.

After about twenty-six hours' delay the train arrived. It was a very long one, and was made into two sections here. We started on the first one, had gone seven miles, and were waiting at Bonner Station for No. 3 to cross, when suddenly the No. 2 section came into us with a mighty crash. Someone had seen it coming, and yelled for the passengers to look out or jump. Your humble servant just struck the earth when the crash came, but my dear wife, who was close after me, received a couple of smart bruises. After quite a delay both trains were taken back to Missoula and re-fitted

out. We finally got away at 10 p.m., arriving at Helena at 4 a.m., and expected to leave on the 12:30 p.m. train for home, but another wreck on the G. N. R. delayed us here about six hours. We finally got to Great Falls at 9:30 p.m., or about forty hours after time.

The comrades had held on well, had good meetings, two had sought God, and the War Cry's were all sold. Now we are in for the H. F. effort with all our might.—M. Ayre.

Harmonic Revivalists.

Here we are at Barre, the Granite City, and one of the best in the State of Vermont. Arriving at the depot, Capt. Riess met us, and piloted us to the quarters. From there we went to our billets, and it being dinner-time we did not need any persuasion to do justice to the good things set before us. Of course, we are not strangers here. In days gone by Adj. Kendall visited Barre and conducted some special meetings. Mrs. Kendall was also stationed here. We had a red-hot holiness meeting. Adj. Kendall gave a heart-searching talk. The meetings were well attended and the power of the Holy Ghost was manifested in a wonderful manner. The universal opinion of the people was that these gatherings were inspiring times. The crowds are increasing.

The forces were strengthened by a visit from Major Turner, our worthy P. O., who was with us on Saturday and Sunday. The forces of darkness were stormed in a terrific manner. The Major's subject for Sunday night was, "An Untimely Death," which made a good impression.

Monday night was the farewell of the Harmonics. We had a rousing march and open-air, and the inside meeting was a regular hallelujah time. Special arrows were fired, and prophecies were tested and proved. The fountain cure is a sure one. We had a hallelujah whin-up, and two souls volunteered to the mercer-seat, making a total of six for salvation and three for sanctification. To Jesus, who is worthy, be all the praise.

We were utilized at Sergt. Major Perkins and Bro. Perry's, who treated us with great kindness.—D. O. C.

Sweden.

Assign Richter, sub-editor of the Swedish War Cry, has been promoted to be rank of Adjutant. Commissioner McAlonan recently completed a ten-days' cycle tour in the island of Gotland.—The Pearl of the Baltic.

Sgt. Capt. Forslund, of Finland, will spend a few weeks in Sweden, in order to make a practical study of the Slum and Rescue Work before taking charge of the same class of work in Finland.



BACKSLIDER! What your future will be depends upon your present course of action. NOW is the time for decision. Return to your place in the ranks, for your life is slipping away. Soon your chances will be gone for ever, and the bitterest regrets will be unavailing.

BLANCHE'S MISTRESS.

A RESCUE STORY.

Blanche was a tall, broad Yorkshire lass, and not in the least a prepossessing subject for amateur Rescue work. Still, a kindly heart went out to her, as she stood outside of a certain London mission hall, listening to the not too melodious strains of the American organ inside, and she was lured to the Hanbury St. Shelter. Not to a Home. By no means. Nothing would have induced her to enter one then. But the Shelter was not so bad, especially since the lady who had taken an interest in her paid her lodging. She protested to be saved. Shortly after, she got drunk, and ran away. A Rescue officer hunted her up, and coaxed her back. Then she fell ill, and had to go to hospital. Her preparations for a long illness were simple. She laid to one enormous bottle of whiskey; fortunately it broke in her pocket before she got there, and saved the hospital authorities the trouble of confiscating it. Oh, Blanche was not a bit like "a girl in a book," or a Nixie Trent! Only, God made her. God willed her salvation. Now, God had a work for her to do, and the time and prayer spent over her were not blessed to herself alone.

When Blanche came out of hospital, she went to a Home. They really "did something with her" here. She never turned into a drawing-room salub. But she set out to do her honest best, according to the flickering light or her new-born conscience, and she was sent out to service.

Agnes Sullivan had a rented aversion to the Salvation Army. She had never seen anything of it, but she had learned, on the excellent authority of the daughter of a Baptist minister, that servants who joined it "sawed at the time and neglected their work," and she was highly indignant when her mother brought Blanche home to fill the gap in her kitchen.

The creature stamped—and she didn't know her place—and sang all the time. Agnes detested her! If she must sing, she might choose different songs.

"Grace there is—"

how Agnes grew to hate the words! At the first sound of that high C, she would fly to slam the kitchen door, usually reaching it just in time to be assured of

"Power to keep me sinless,"

through the keyhole.

"You're a heathen," quoth the aggravated Blanche, with a fine scorn of servant conventionalities. And she sang the louder.

"Sinless! It couldn't be. Nobody is. You can't be saved from sin," retorted Agnes, roused on her side to sleep to theological argument with Blanche.

Blanche couldn't argue. She took refuge in a well-known trick of school-

boys, and said her young mistress "darrest go to an Army meeting and hear for herself."

Probably this threat alone would hardly have wrought out its desired effect on Miss Sullivan. But her soul was sick with it. Blanche's soul-tormenting songs and assured relationship with heaven, stirred into anguish the smouldering unrest of six long years. Agnes Sullivan was a member in good and regular standing of a Baptist chapel. But six years ago she had given up her Sunday-School class, saying she would not try to teach children what she knew nothing of herself, and settled into that practical infidelity whose hopelessness means not so much unbelief as "unfaithfulness."

"No good to anybody" was her bitter verdict on her own life. No one ever asked her about her soul. Its existence was never recognized in the plans or arrangements of the Christians she saw around her. She had secretly known it was alive till it began to ache so when Blanche sang, or when Blanche spoke of its state with the definiteness and clearness she had met with in the Rescue Home, albeit with somewhat more of bluntness. The Army meetings made it ache worse. But she had to go to them. Oh, if someone would only talk to her as Blanche had been talked to. Was salvation only for souls like that? Must "respectable" souls die for lack of help?

If Blanche had been stouter, she might not have been visited so soon. Be that as it may, a Rescue Officer went down to the Sullivan's to visit her, and Agnes, softened by misery, went into the kitchen to say a polite word to this curious being who came to look after the family's welfare by "keepin' an eye on" Blanche. The Rescue Officer answered her greeting in a furious way. She laid an unconventional hand, but very gentle, hand on her shoulder, and said:

"My dear, do you love Jesus?"

"No, I'm sure I don't," came the answer.

The tone was bitter, but it rang with the bitterness born of suffering, and the officer slipped her arm around the waist of Blanche's mistress, and went to the kitchen floor and prayed. The visit was to wayward Blanche, but Blanche's mistress reaped the benefit. Just then, on the kitchen floor, God saved her.

"I don't know," she said to us last week, her shining eyes above the blazing line of "Glad-braid" at her throat. "I believe Blanche is not considered a very satisfactory case. She seems to be good, but she takes a lot of looking after. But she's been very satisfactory to me."

How the General Preached when Twenty Years Old.

Being Extracts from a Letter Written in 1849.

"Grasp still further the standard! unfold still wider the battle flag! Press still closer to the ranks of the enemy, and mark your pathway still more directly with glorious trophies of Emmanuel's grace and with enduring monuments of Jesus' power! The trumpet has given the signal for the conflict! Your General assures you of success and a glorious reward! Your crown is already held out! Then why delay? Why doubt? Onward, onward, ONWARD!"

"Christ for me! Do that your motto! Be that your battle cry! Be that your war note! Be that your consolation! Be that your plea when asking mercy of God, your end when offering it to man, your hope when enfolded by darkness, your triumph and victory when attacked and overcome by death! Christ for me! Tell it to men who are living and dying in sin! Tell it to Jesus that you have chosen Him to be your Saviour and your God. Tell it to devils, and bid them cease to harass, since you are determined to die for the truth!"

Carefully clean the dust and mud from your feet on entering the house.

Never interrupt any conversation, but watch patiently your turn to speak.

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EXPERIENCE

I will be true to Jesus,
In cloud as well as shine,
Rejoicing in the knowledge
That God's great gift is mine;
That I, though once a stranger
To all His wondrous love,
Am saved and on my journey
To meet Him up above.

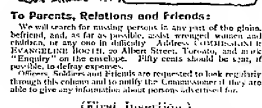
By WM. RITCHIE, Victoria, B.C.

SKILLED TEACHERS.

A teacher recently read to her young pupils an account of a man who lived for some years upon the frontier. He was a gentlemanly, cultured, and refined person, produced by one of the children, to her surprise it read that he had lived for some years "on his front porch." Another child, a girl, said that a gentleman "had occupied for some time a fine country seat." Upon asking the children what was meant by a "country seat," a dead silence reigned. The teacher then said roughly, "I knew, and to the enquiry of the teacher replied, "A talking stool."

Still another child was reading to the class an account of the rain. One of the children asked to write a little story about the rain, after declaring the inability to do so, produced the following:

"What does the rain say to the dust? 'I am in to you and your name is mud!'"



Words and Music by Private W. Ward (Smallbridge)

OUR GENERAL IS COMING

By W. RITCHIE, Victoria, B.C.

Times.—We shall win (B. J. 28)
Refrain of the best (B. J. 32)

2 Our General is coming again,
Silver-haired by the flight of the
years,
O'er the world for the cross he has
been,
Knowing weariness, sorrow, and
tears.

Chorus.

We will work, we will pray,
Our General is coming again;
May the Lord of our host
Our hands for ever remain

SEND THE FIRE I

By LIEUT. FRENCH, Nfld.
Tune.—Shall we gather at the river?
(B.J. 21).

3 Holy Spirit, send the fire,
Send it now upon us here:
Lift our hearts a little higher,
May we feel Thy presence near.

Chorus.
Loving Jesus, draw us nearer,
May Thy blood our hearts cleanse,
Cleanse and quicken, make us pure,
Wash our hearts as white as snow.

Spotless Lamb, our hearts are panting,
For the cooling, healing stream;
As we tarry at the mountain
Thy smile upon us beam.

Resting sweetly on Thy bosom,
Ever conscious of Thy love,
Draw us in Thy arms to dwell,
Come, Thou Holy, Heavenly Dove.

BE TRUE TO JESUS.

By WM. RITCHIE, Victoria, B.C.
Tune.—Stand up, stand up for Jesus.
(C) I will be true to Jesus,
And glory in His cross,
The world's enticing pleasures
Shall ever be but less;
No time for careless living,
Or trifling worldly things,
Be mine the joy of serving
My Saviour, King of kings.

East Ontario Provinces

THE HARMONIC REVIVALISTS
St. Albans, Vt., Oct. 7 to 13; Pt. St.
Charles, Que., Oct. 14 to 27.

COMING EVENTS.

Spiritual Specials.
STAFF-CAPT. BURDITT,
Assisted by Staff-Capt. Manton,
Will visit Peterboro, Thurs., Oct. 9,
12.30-1.00 P. M.

West Ontario Province.

MAJOR McMILLAN,
Accompanied by Staff-Capt. Rawling,
Will visit Hespeler, Sat., Oct. 4; Galt,
Sun., Oct. 5; Guelph, Mon., Oct. 6;
Clinton, Wed., Oct. 8; Brantford, Sat.,
and Sun., Oct. 11, 12.

Mrs. Major McMillan will be present
at Hespeler, Galt, and Guelph.

T. E. S. Appointments

Captain Poole. — Arnprior, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 11, 12; Pembroke, Mon., Oct. 13; Perth, Tues. and Wed. Oct. 14, 15; Dead Creek, Thurs., Oct. 16; Cloyne, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Oct. 17, 18, 19; Kaladar, Mon., Oct. 20; Tweed, Tues. and Wed., Oct. 21, 22; Peterboro, Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 23, 24.

NOTICE TO BANDSMEN.

Bandmaster Green, of Peterboro would like to correspond with any Salvation Army Bandman who wishes to find suitable employment at Peterboro, where work of every kind is to be had. Anyone wishing to avail themselves of this offer write full particulars as to occupation, wage required, married or single, etc., to Bandmaster Green, P. O. Box 279, Peterboro, who will endeavor to secure a situation.



Our Hustlers' Honor Roll.



Lieut. Forsberg Sells 496 Crys—The East Anglin Triumphant—Arab Gone Down in the Race—Mag Defeats Nigger at Last—The New Cadets.

That new Western Star is a wonder! Just think of 496 Crys in one week! If my arithmetic is correct, it's more than 20 hustlers selling 20 each can do. Well, I never!

The Eastern Province again draws well away from the field, and easily out-distances all its competitors. Hurrah for the East! It's where the wise men are (and the wise women, too, for I notice that the ladies are always on hand. They must be fond of us enlighten men, after all!)

The leading hustlers are not many this week. They are: Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg, 496; Lieut. Moore, Sydney, C.B., 260, and Ensign Heilmann, Dawson, 220.

Alas! poor Arab! He's not with us any more. Perhaps he's got aged, discouraged, or worse still, dead! Oh, how we miss him. He cheered our hearts many times in the past; but shall we never gaze upon his noble form again? Ah, who can tell?

Marvel of marvels! The East Ontario Province has at last got ahead of Central Ontario. Let a mighty cheer rise from the hearts of the East Ontario veterans. For many years the contest has been waged, and victory comes at last. I must add my meed of praise to the general chorus. Well done, Meg!

I have been expecting to hear from the new Cadets ere now. I must have a word with Star-Capt. Stanton on the subject. He'll likely be able to favor me with some information of interest to boomers generally, and Cadets in particular.

Eastern Province.

128 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	270
Sergt. Lindsay, Glace Bay	150
Lieut. Veinot, Charlottetown	150
Capt. Hawbold, Halifax I.	100
S.-M. Veinot, Halifax II.	150
Capt. Redmond, Somerset	130
Capt. Hebb, Hamilton	125
S.-M. McQueen, Moncton	125
S.-M. Flood, Hamilton	117
Lieut. Thistle, Canals	110
Lieut. Ritchie, Yarmouth	110
Lieut. Newell, Eastport	110
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Charlottetown	110
Mrs. Ede. Carter, New Glasgow	110
Lieut. Corkum, St. John I.	107
Mrs. Caslin, Halifax I.	101
Mrs. Ede. Knight, St. John I.	101
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	100
Lieut. Cavender, Truro	100
Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	100
Cand. J. Hardwick, St. Stephen	100
S.-M. Irons, Windsor	100
Lieut. White, North Sydney	100
Lieut. Parsons, Fredericton	98
Lieut. Copeland, St. John II.	90
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	85
Lieut. Clark, Sackville	85
Sergt. Jennings, St. George's	85
Capt. March, Liverpool	82
Capt. McKie, Carleton	80
C.-O. Bishop, Woodstock	76
Capt. Wyatt, Westville	75
Lieut. Bruce, Westville	75
S.-M. Collins, Halifax I.	75
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Amherst	70
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	70
Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Hamilton	66
Lieut. Gilmour, Chatham	65
Mrs. Capt. Forey, Parrsboro	65
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	64
Lieut. Whales, Louisburg	60
Lieut. McDonald, Stellarton	60
Lieut. Fewson, White	57
Capt. Smith, Campbellton	50
Ensign Williams, Springhill	55
Sergt. Peckwood, St. George's	55
Cand. McFadden, Yarmouth	55
Annie Laybolt, Bridgetown	55
Capt. Leblanc, Sydney Mines	50
Capt. Leblanc, Sydney Mines	50
Capt. Penbroke, Summerside	50
Capt. Mercer, Summerside	50
Lieut. McEwen, Bridgewater	50
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	50

Capt. Chandler, Canning	50
Capt. Leckie, Charlottetown	48
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	45
Mrs. Ensign Cooper, Fredericton	45
Capt. Murdoch, St. John V.	45
Capt. Duncan, St. John V.	45
Capt. Metting, New River	45
Lieut. Hamlin, Bear River	45
Capt. James, Halifax II.	40
Capt. Richards, Clark's Harbor	40
Lieut. Ogilvie, Springhill	40
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	40
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	40
Elmer Cooper, Fredericton	40
Lieut. Gilbank, Annapolis	40
Lieut. Ebsary, Digby	40
Lieut. White, Digby	40
S.-M. Capt. Bear River	40
Sergt. Virgil, Somerset	40
Adj. Wiggins, Yarmouth	32
Lieut. McKie, North Head	35
Cand. Smith, Campbellton	35
Sergt. Fitts, Springhill	35
A. Ponton, Dominion	35
Capt. Tiner, Newcastle	35
Lieut. Conrad, Sussex	35
Lieut. Harding, Sussex	35
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	35
Ensign Cooper, Fredericton	35
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	31
Lieut. Crossman, Lunenburg	30
Capt. Davis, Lunenburg	30
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	30
Mrs. Adjt. Hunter, St. George's	30
Ensign Brown, Carleton	30
Capt. Northough, Hillsboro	30
Lieut. Strothard, Glace Bay	30
Sergt. Henry, Glace Bay	30
Sister Townsend, St. John III.	30
Capt. Talbot, Charlottetown	30
Sergt. McEwen, Dartmouth	30
Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow	30
Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	30
Capt. Green, Hinton	30
Lieut. McKay, Amherst	30
Lieut. Munro, Pictou	29
Lieut. White, Bridgetown	28
Mrs. Hargreaves, St. John III.	27
A. McInnes, Dominion	25
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro	25
S.-M. Jones, St. John II.	25
Sergt. England, Chatham	25
Sergt. Pelley, Chatham	25
Lieut. Elliott, Newcastle	25
Capt. Parsons, Amherst	25
Mrs. Snow, Halifax II.	25
Capt. Parsons, Amherst	25
Margie McKay, Halifax II.	25
Mrs. James, Halifax II.	25
Capt. McEachern, Kentville	25
Glady's Light, Kentville	25
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25
Lieut. N. Scott, Halifax IV.	25
Lieut. Bernard, Truro	25
A. Taylor, Truro	25
Capt. La Mont, Whitney	21
Lieut. Legge, Campbellton	20
J. Savel, Truro	20
Sister Butler, Sydney Mines	20
S.-M. J.erson, Annapolis	20
Bro. Gal,ay, Hamilton	20
Sidney Church, Hamilton	20
Sergt. P. Scott, St. George's	20
Capt. Mc, Liverpool	20
Lieut. W. akey, Liverpool	20

East Ontario Province.

75 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Lowrie, Pictou	150
Lieut. Duncan, Ogdensburg	120
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	115
Lieut. Matthews, Peterboro	110
Lieut. Keale, Newport	100
Lieut. Fairford, Belleville	100
Lieut. Hoole, Kingston	97
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	85
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	84
Sergt. F. Scott, Barre	83
Mrs. Adjt. Newman, Prescott	82
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	82
Capt. Green, Cornwall	80
Lieut. Green, Cornwall	80
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I.	80
Capt. Ann, Sherbrooke	75
Capt. Magee, St. Johnsbury	75
Lieut. Webster, St. Johnsbury	75
Adjt. McNamara, Kingston	68
Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	68
Mrs. Stivers, Peterboro	65
Capt. Hicks, Pembroke	65
Lieut. Foley, Pembroke	65
C.-O. Pellett, Kingston	64
Mrs. Ensign Bloss, Ottawa	60
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Campbellton	60
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	58
Capt. Pitcher, Napanee	55
Mrs. Hippen, Napanee	55
Ensign Bloss, Ottawa	53
Lieut. Galt, Gananoque	50
Lieut. Olford, Gananoque	50
Mrs. Green, Cornwall	50
Capt. R. Crego, Deseronto	50
Lieut. Rutledge, Morrisburg	50
Capt. Wilson, Belleville	50

Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	50
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	50
Mrs. Capt. Podger, Brockville	45
Lieut. Carpenter, Sherbrooke	45
Thos. White, Sherbrooke	45
Sergt. Harbour, Ottawa	45
Capt. Podger, Brockville	40
C.-O. Casselman, Campbellford	40
Sergt. Stone, Lakeshore	40
Sergt. Barry, Quebec	40
Capt. Burich, Tweed	35
Lieut. Brimson, Quebec	35
Ensign Gammalidge, Arnprior	31
Mrs. Capt. Brimson, Port Hope	31
Mrs. Aylsworth, Napanee	30
S.-M. Comber, Arnprior	30
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	30
P. S. M. Moon, Tweed	30
Mrs. Symington, Montreal I.	30
Capt. Liddell, Millbrook	25
C.-O. Sherwood, Millbrook	25
Sister Cousineau, Ottawa	25
C.-O. Lewis, Ottawa	25
Capt. Brimson, Port Hope	25
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	25
Mrs. Wright, Montreal I.	25
S. Stansel, Carleton Place	25
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	25
Sergt. Vaucoeur, Montreal I.	21
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Thompson, Napanee	20
Sergt. Place, Brockville	20
Dad Duquet, Trenton	20
Mrs. Honsden, Montreal I.	20
Miss Gilliam, Renfrew	20
Sergt. Mrs. Osmond, Ottawa	20
Sergt. Perkins, Barre	20
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	20

Central Ontario Province.

65 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Dauberville, Yorkville	110
Lieut. Crocker, South St. Marie	100
Sergt. A. Ebsary, Lippincott	90
Lieut. Case, Hamilton	85
Mrs. Jones, Hamilton	80
Capt. Downey, Sudbury	75
Sergt. Matheson, Sudbury	75
Capt. Hart, Hamilton II.	70
Sergt. Moffat, Riverside	65
Lieut. Clark, Dovercourt	65
Sergt. Slater, Barre	62
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood	62
Lieut. Porter, Little Cove	60
Lieut. Lamb, Newmarket	60
Ensign Smith, Barrie	58
Sister Sheardown, East St.	55
Mrs. Andrews, Temple	55
Ensign Stalger, Owen Sound	52
Capt. Horcroft, Owen Sound	50
Ensign McDonald, Chesley	50
Capt. Meader, North Bay	50
Lieut. Porter, North Bay	50
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	50
Ensign Hanna, Dundas	50
Sadie McArthur, Temple	48
Cadet Coy, Hamilton I.	45
Sergt. Dickinson, Dundas	45
Dad Dixon, Temple	42
Lizzie Bradley, Temple	40
Capt. Culbert, Orangeville	40
Lieut. Hudgin, Orangeville	40
Sergt. Major Bowers, Lisgar St.	38
Capt. McCann, Burk's Falls	37
Lieut. Jones, Burk's Falls	37
Capt. Bennett, Oshawa	35
Adjt. Bale, Lisgar St.	35
Lieut. Jago, Fenelon Falls	35
Capt. Capper, Little Current	35
Lieut. Minnea, Riverside	35
Capt. Stillman, Riverside	35
Lieut. Quille, Little Current	35
Lieut. Baird, Brampton	33
Capt. Plant, Brampton	33
Sergt. Mrs. Phillips, Lisgar St.	33
S.-M. Stewart, Lisgar St.	32
Capt. Oke, Unbridge	32
Mrs. Capt. Bennett, Oshawa	32
Lieut. Courtemanche, Unbridge	31
Capt. Kivell, Fenelon Falls	30
S.-M. Hinton, Oakville	30
Lieut. Williams, Brocklin	30
Sergt. Pellbrook, Barrie	30
Capt. Meeks, East St.	30
Capt. Brooks, Gravenhurst	28
Lieut. Stickle, Gravenhurst	27
Capt. Nelson, Kilmount	27
Lieut. Warren, Kilmount	27
Maud Wessler, Hamilton I.	25
Treas. Evelyn, Oshawa	22
Edith Sheppard, Barrie	22
Edith Minto, Fenelon Falls	20
Lieut. Welby, Oshawa	20
Sister Jarvis, Yorkville	20
Lieut. Wilson, Huntsville	20
Bro. Sherwood, Dovercourt	20
S.-M. McHenry, Lisgar St.	20

North-West Province.

44 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Farnie, Winnipeg	400
Lieut. Fleming, Brandon	125
Lieut. Papstein, Jamestown	100
Capt. E. Gamble, Devil's Lake	94
Sergt. Halford, Winnipeg	90
Capt. Mrs. Gilliam, Calgary	88

Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Rat Portage	80
Capt. Myers, Grafton	50
Ensign A. Hayes, Fargo	76
Capt. Anderson, Edmonton	75
Lieut. Cook, Medicine Hat	56
Capt. McKay, Fargo	56
Capt. Cook, Moose Jaw	66

P. S. M. Newman, Twillingate	30
Mrs. Adjt. Sparks, Tilt Cove	30
Capt. Footo, Bonaville	30
Sergt. Butt, St. John's I.	28
Sergt. Major Ash, Carleton	26
J. S. S.-M. Adey, Clareville	25
Lieut. Lock, Clark's Beach	25
Lieut. Harding, Bay Roberts	25
Capt. Richards, Scilly Cove	25
Sergt. Blunden, St. John's I.	25
Capt. Ford, Old Perlican	22
Sergt. Crocker, Hear's Delight	22
Lieut. James, Musgrave town	22
Sergt. Culler, Wanderville	21
Sergt. Carter, St. John's II.	20
Lieut. Palmer, St. John's II.	20
Cadet Brynston, St. John's II.	20
Cadet Groves, St. John's II.	20
Capt. Hedditch, Shearstown	20
Sergt. Ash, Harbor Grace	20
Capt. Wiseman, Harbor Grace	20
Lieut. Ebsary, Harbor Grace	20
Lieut. Barry, Bay Roberts	20
S.-M. Green, Arnold's Cove	20
Maud Bay, Bonaville	20
Lieut. Craighy, Twillingate	20
Sergt. Mungford, New Bay	20

Pacific Province.

82 Hustlers.	
Cadet Robinson, Billings	120
Capt. Hurst, Butte	119
Cadet Knudson, Butte	117
Cadet Mc—, Everett	110
Capt. Galt, Missoula	109
Lieut. Johnson, Greenwood	90
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Nelson	94
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	76
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PRO

A MODEL

Morton's Harbor called home to r. Sergt. Sarah E. R. oldest soldiers of in life she gave her for a number of y true soldier. I hel said truthfully with fought a good fight past that lingering consumption had ly work; but th tedious illness she ited a real soldi patiently all sho for, being thank woman. The Cav der a little whi away, and when how it was with h is all right, Captai We said her i honors. As she Company meeting lers headed the funeral service t very highly of and by the testim say she was a m be greatly misse Company meeting worker in every s on Sunday and in service, which viction, spirital and one dear ple was buried & fow out and got glori The beloved o the dear husban comrade, have ou est sympathy. We trust that h the life of many that her useful, co coupled by every s R. Bowering, Lie

HER FAITH N

"Donne Bay," three weeks the snapped and Siste went home. Deo in the Salvation three years ago, enrolled soldi, Salvationist at h to do anything fo She had a faith and was loved h for her guidi lif my sister-in-law. all Christians fo and his 67c ch motherhood. Joh

"NEARER, MY

Nelson.—E. rade, has laid d warfare and ge his reward. Our dler of the "Cob ber of years, an ing with Mrs. A time, I can truly man, having the Kingdom at h been greatly ble (timothy and singl After a short li chariot lowered stepped in. Adjt were called to h night, and when was well with h "Yes; there is and my Saviou dreadful pain h third Psalm. Th again on Sunday hours before h the end was "Nearer, my G request was th Army funeral. The Carpenter was a member funeral. The p Some of the co godly life of our praying that th precious souls n The bereave and sympathy o her dear child Sunday night. many people be est son of ou

USES OF KEROSENE

sought and found the Saviour.—White
Wings

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

Spokane.—Bro. Smith, one of our faithful comrades, has passed away after a brief illness, but praise God he was ready for that call. We, as a corps, sincerely sympathize with his bereaved family, but their losses he has borne bravely. He has been here for over past six months, both in our indoor and open-air services, our brother has sung that beautiful song, "From Jerusalem to Jericho," little thinking that he would be called to go and die. He left Spokane some little time ago to act as cook for a threshing outfit in the country, and we were not notified of his death until he had been buried. Our dear comrade was ever ready to speak or sing, and he could always be relied upon to co-operate with us in any effort for the good of the cause. We shall miss him, but we are more determined than ever to carry on when the Master calls.—Joe, R.C.

Gone to the grave and a conqueror's crown,
Gone where the cross is for ever laid down,
Gone to a victor's pain in the sky.



The mothers of Leopold and Louis had also been Spanish Princesses. France was so much too powerful already to let the powers of Europe could be so easily humiliated. Besides, his mother had renounced her rights to Spain on becoming Queen of France. So the right here seemed to be young Ferdinand of Bavaria, and not Leopold. But the Emperor was not to be deceived. He had scarcely been done before he died, and the French and Austrian armies accused one another of plotting to murder him. The Emperor's daughter, Eleonore of Neuburg, one of the best and most devout women in Europe, had given him two sons, Joseph and Karl, and she declared that all rights of succession belonged to her second-born, as he was the next heir through his mother, and that he would make over his claim to his second son, Karl, who was the son of the Emperor's daughter. The German powers, he offered to make the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony Kings. Friedrich of Brandenburg was a weak, fond of pleasure, and very vain, but he was

The Carpenters' Union, of which he was a member, turned out well to the funeral. The burracks was well filled. Some of the comrades spoke of the godly life of our late brother. We are praying that through his death many precious souls may be won for Jesus. The burials were here our prayers and sympathy, especially Mrs. GHN and her dear children.

The memorial service was held on Sunday night. It was very impressive, many people being in tears. The eldest son of our departed comrade

Wandering the streets of her heavenly
 home,
 No more on life's ocean a wanderer to
 roam;
 Anchored at last, on the bright crystal
 sea,
 In joy and in gladness for ever to be.
 —S. French, C.O.

The Archduke Karl was sent to try his fortune in Spain, where he prospered as long as the English Lord Peterborough fought for him; but his German advisers were so dull and wrong-headed, and he himself so proud and stupid, that Peterborough threw up his command, and then the French gained ground, and Karl was forced to shut himself up in Barcelona.

In the meantime, the Elector Max-

whole French army into its duchy to invade the Austrian Tyrol, which Bavaria always coveted. He gained some successes at first, but the Tyrolese, always the most true and loyal of peoples, rose high up against the French. Eugene and his allies came from Italy, and an English army, under the great Duke of Marlborough, marched up from Holland. These two great men then began a war of position, which lasted almost a year, together they met the great French army which had come to aid Bavaria, and utterly routed it—first at Donauwörth, and then at Höchstädt, or, as the English call it, Blenheim, making the French army almost entirely prisoner on the 13th of August 1704.

It was the first victory gained over the French since the battle of St. Quentin, and it drove them quite out of Bavaria, which was held by the Austrinn troops, while the Elector fled into the Netherlands.

Loonold had only just lived to see the
the tide turn, and his great enemy,
Lout, begin to lose. He was already
out of breath, and died on the 5th of
the month, 1864, at the age of 35.
The Tucklipped, the large upper lip
inherited with the Tyrol from Mar-
garthe Mautsch being especially
visible in him. He was in some ways
unlike his father, being more
studious and learned, and also so shy
that his nobles hardly knew him by
sight. One of his chamberlains, who
was seldom at the palace, met a little
boy in the street, and asked him
"Where's the Kaiser?" "That am I,"
answered a hoarse voice. The Em-
peror, Eleonore survived him fifteen
years, always busy in works of piety,
and died on the 19th January, 1879,
"the mother of the poor." When she
died, she bade these words alone to
be inscribed on her coffin: "Eleonore,
a poor sinner, died 19th January, 1879."

Good Intentions do not improve the
age.
Grapes of peace do not grow on
thorns of passion.
You cannot worship the Father while
you are wounding the child

A white flannel cloth or piece of white knit underwear dampened with kerosene will clean any porcelain or metal bath tub. Dry the tub first, and then rub lightly with the kerosene cloth. Every vestige of foreign matter will disappear, and an instant's brisk rub with a dry flannel will complete the task. A porcelain tub can be kept fresh as new by this treatment.

Kerosene will cut the accumulated grease from the drain pipe of a sink and will keep the sink itself perfectly sweet and clean. Kerosene cuts all grease and fats generally; axle grease disappears before it and tar softens and fades away. It is so volatile that, if put in dry heat, as near an open register or an oven door, it will quickly evaporate and leave no stain on the fabric upon which it has been used.

As a bleacher, kerosene stands high. Put half a teacupful into a washbasin of water, and then proceed with the washing after the usual method. The clothes will be whiter, sweeter, and hygienically much cleaner than they can be got without the use of the oil. For kerosene is a disinfectant. It kills all Invertebrate life, so that many kinds of germs are utterly destroyed by its use.

Kerosene will clean dirty windows or mirrors, giving them a high lustre. It will make dull brasses shine, if not used as some of the acid and brick-dust pastes used, still so well that a little rub frequently given will keep them in good condition, and one's hands do not suffer by the process as they do if the acids are used. After polishing brass it should be rubbed with a soft cloth.

In the war with insect life kerosene is a sure weapon of defence. If the kitchen table is seized upon by roaches, and used as a nest for their eggs, do not burn it up after ineffective scrubbing and scalding. Put it in the yard and soak it with kerosene. Not an egg will live. In like manner sweet and sour fruit is fastened to the house.

An old and easy way to be rid of ants is to put cucumber peel around those places where they appear. The writer has yet to hear of the ant that would not flee the spot.

As a hair tonic kerosene is a specific. Put a little in a jelly glass after putting out the light at night, and dip the tips of the fingers in the oil and rub into the scalp. It will keep the head perfectly clean, white, and free from dandruff, and will bring in new hair, a rapid young growth.

Last, and most important, kerosene figures as a household remedy. To quote the woman from whose experience of kerosene the above facts have been drawn:—

"I have served my eldest boy twice by the use of kerosene. The first time it was out on a ranch in Kansas. He had a fearful attack of membranous croup. His father was racing over the prairie for a doctor, who could not be gotten in time. When I saw the child lying deathly at every convulsive struggle for breath, when my mind rushed to a saying of my old nurse, 'We always killed the croup with kerosene,' I had a horror of then I advised in my childhood, but then I bled her, as I seized my lamp, blew out the flame, and succeeded in forcing some of the oil into my child's mouth. In a few minutes the hardest of the phlegm was gone, the lungs were free, and he was coughing like a child over

Once again I used it, and with none but good effect, and while in all cases where I could have medical aid I should prefer to rely upon my doctor, still I feel that, armed with kerosene I am equipped to fight croup and win."

Half a truth may be a whole lie.
The love of God is the light of man.
The avalanche starts with a pebble.
The greedy man always cheats himself.
Iniquity is the first cause of infirmity.
Sense and sanctity are not antonyms.
Profanity is often a species of insanity.

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TORONTO CONGRESS.

THE GENERAL

IN COMMAND,

Assisted by the Territorial Headquarters' Staff, the Commanders of all the Provinces,
and Hundreds of District and Corps Officers from all parts of the Territory.

• • PROGRAM • •

Thursday, *The General's Public Entry into Toronto.*
October 30, 8 p.m. *Grand Torchlight Procession from the Union Station to the S. A. Temple.*

Friday, **PUBLIC RECEPTION GATHERING**
October 31, 8 p.m. **AT THE MASSEY MUSIC HALL.**

Saturday, *United Soldiers' Council at the S. A. Temple.*
Nov. 1, 7.30 p.m.

Sunday, *Day of Salvation. The General will Preach*
Nov. 2, 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m. *Three Times in the Massey Music Hall.*

Mon., Tues., Wed., Nov. 3, 4, 5.—Field and Staff Officers' Councils at the Council Chamber, S. A. Temple.

N.B.—Special Railway Rates (Single Fare and 15 cents for return tickets), from all points.

THE GENERAL

WILL ALSO VISIT

ST. JOHN, N.B.,
Saturday to Wednesday, October 11-15.

HALIFAX, N.S.,
Thursday, October 16.

MONTREAL,
Saturday and Sunday, October 18 and 19.

OTTAWA,
Tuesday, October 21.

KINGSTON, ONT.,
Wednesday, October 22.

HAMILTON, ONT.,
Thursday, October 23.

LONDON, ONT.,
Saturday and Sunday, October 25 and 26.

WOODSTOCK, ONT.,
Monday, October 27.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

W
AND OFFICIAL G
19th Year. No. 3.

